

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1918

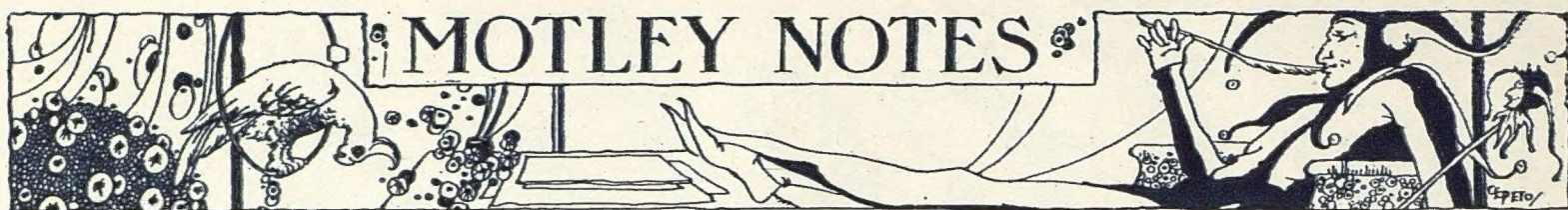
ONE SHILLING.



A NOTABLE WEDDING : CAPTAIN EDWARD COMPTON AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SILVIA FARQUHARSON.

The Princess Royal, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Maud of Fife were present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Captain Edward Compton, Royal Scots Greys, was married to Miss Silvia Farquharson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld. Captain

Compton is the elder son of Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner and the late Lord Alwyne Compton, and heir-presumptive to the marquessate of Northampton. The bridesmaids were Miss Myrtle Farquharson, Lady Joan Capell, Miss Olive Paget, and Miss Enid Scott Robson.—[Photograph by Langfiet.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

A Candidate for the Tsardom.

There is a vacancy, I understand, at the moment of writing for the position of Tsar of Russia. I think I know the very man for the post. He has wanted it for a long time. Absolute monarchy appeals to him. He longs to have countless millions under his undisputed sway in order that, without opposition, he may carry out his ideas for the betterment of their lot.

He is not afraid of being assassinated. He knows that, in all probability, he would be assassinated sooner or later; but this thought does not trouble him very much. "You have to die at some time or another," is his argument; "and length of life is not measured by years, but by what you do with your life. As a poor man, I cannot do much with mine. I cannot carry out my ideas without capital, and I am not one of those men who can go and look for capital. I shrink, instinctively, from very rich men. I cannot cultivate them. I should feel that they would feel that I did not love them for themselves alone. That is why, if ever I do a man a good turn, it is always somebody who is not in a position to return the favour."

"As the Tsar of Russia, however, I take it that I should have plenty of capital at my command. I should also have a large country, a large population, and no syndicate. There would be no

tiresome board-meetings. My plans would not be discussed over a table with immaculate blotting-paper, unused quills, and a green baize cloth on it. I should escape all that unnecessary brain-fag and irritation."

A Few Schemes.

Questioned as to what he would do with Russia when he got hold of it, this venturesome person said—

"That is a very large subject. It would take me many hours to unfold my schemes. In the rough, however, you may be certain that I should begin with the education of the children. The present system would be altered in its entirety. It would be so remodelled that education would become a fascination instead of a bore and a daily weariness."

"Knowledge should be held up before a child as a great and mysterious book filled with charming wonders. Or you might liken it, again, to the key of a garden stocked with illimitable delights. The teacher should be a wizard, with the power to confer unending benefits—not a sour-visaged misanthrope with the power to drench the present with tears and smear the future with despair."

"Advancement in

his mind had been properly prepared beforehand? You would describe, simply but graphically, the greatness of these tiny islands, for instance. You would fill his mind with the romance of the rise of Great Britain. Then, at last, when you had him on the tiptoe of expectation, you would show him Great Britain on the map! Would he care to look, do you think?"

Penalties and Punishments. "Would there be any punishments in your realm?"

"Punishments? I should rather say there would!"

"Would you restore the death-sentence?"

"Without the least hesitation."

"For murder?"

"Not necessarily. There are worse crimes than murder, in my opinion."

"Such as—?"

"Cruelty to children. Cruelty to animals. Both of those, if proved to be deliberate and constant, would merit the death-penalty. No State can have much use for people who deliberately and constantly ill-treat a defenceless child or a defenceless animal. Murder, on the other hand, may be justifiable homicide. We have got as far as that in this country."

"Turning to the lighter offences?"

"I should re-write the calendar of crime. The man who designed an ugly house, for example, would be imprisoned. The man who built it would be whipped. And the man who, of his own free will and desire, lived in it would be heavily fined. The crime would initiate, you understand, with the man who designed the ugly house. If we had no architects with such criminal tendencies we should have no ugly houses. Even a 'builder's house' must have a designer. I would soon put a stop to all this desecration of the fair face of Nature."

The Marriage Laws.

"Your marriage laws, I take it, would be equally drastic?"

"Oh, very drastic indeed. I do not wish to enter into them very fully at the present juncture."

"Would you encourage the marriage of convenience?"

"An idle question! That abomination would have to be stamped out forthwith. It is gradually, but far too slowly, being stamped out in England."

"Would you leave it to the local authorities to decide whether the parties had come together by a process of natural selection?"

"That is a leading question. I am not prepared to answer it in this offhand manner. But this much I may say—marriages between very young people of the same age, or between people of widely differing ages, or in the cases where the woman was older than the man would have to undergo a very strict examination."

"You realise that such marriages in this country have often proved quite successful?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. But, the chances of success being less, the investigation would have to be the more thorough."

"And you are quite prepared for your name to be put forward as a candidate for the Tsardom?"

"Oh, quite. I could start at any moment. In the meantime, I continue with my self-imposed discipline of observation."



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER: MRS. ANDRÉ CHARLOT.

Mrs. Charlot has been doing a great deal of war work, and has practically "adopted" one of the smaller hospitals in need of funds, in aid of which her husband is to hold a special matinée at the Comedy before long.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



HEROINE IN "YES, UNCLE!" MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS.

Miss Andrews, now in "Yes, Uncle!" drove an ambulance for over six months. A brother of hers is a Captain in the R.A.F.

Photograph by Yevonde.

DECORATION ; RECREATION ; TRANSMUTATION ; MULTIPLICATION.



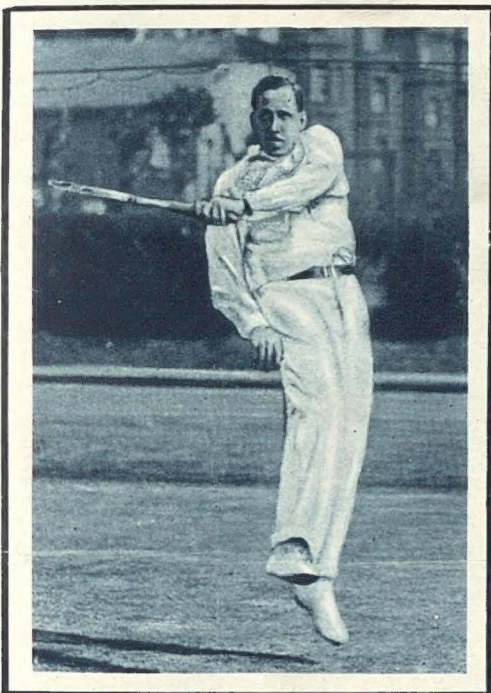
LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER RECEIVING HIS C.M.G. :
BRIGADIER-GENERAL REYNOLD GILLAM, D.S.O.

The King held an Investiture last Wednesday, July 3, in the Quadrangle of Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his sister, Princess Victoria.



ANOTHER RECIPIENT OF THE C.M.G. : BRIGADIER-GENERAL G.
GWYN-THOMAS LEAVING THE PALACE.

Among other decorations, a number of distinguished officers were made Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.



QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT DOWNER (CANADA).



COLONEL MAYES (CANADA).



LIEUTENANT WISWELL (CANADA).

A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT QUEEN'S CLUB FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING ALLIES : THREE CANADIANS IN PLAY.

A tennis tournament between the British Isles, the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, opened at Queen's Club last Wednesday. Lieut. Wiswell and Quartermaster-Sergeant Downer (Canada) won their first

round against an Australian pair, but were beaten in the second by two other Australians. Col. Mayes and Capt. Kirke-Green (Canada) beat their opponents in both the first two rounds.



FROM DOG TO GARMENT : CANINE COMBINGS AT THE HOME
ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria visited the Exhibition of Home Arts and Industries at Claridge's last Wednesday. Her Majesty watched Red Cross workers weaving dog's hair, and saw two Pekinese and a Chow



RABBIT-BREEDING IN A LONDON MEWS : THE HON. MRS.
LIONEL GUEST AND THE "PASS IT ON" RABBIT CLUB.

combed, the crop being then carded and spun into garments.—The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, who is much interested in rabbit-breeding, founded the Club for boys with some of whom she is seen above.



Spot Your Neighbour.

Have you ever thought of all the famous people you pass in the street every day? Thackeray once said something about us all having sat next to a murderer at one time or another. This exciting supposition may be or may not be true. At any rate, we are all rubbing shoulders daily with a most variegated assortment of celebrities. Keep your eyes open and try and spot your famous neighbours on the pavement and in the restaurant. You will find it quite an amusing sport, and—what is, perhaps, even more important in these vigilant days—it is a perfectly innocent one.



"Miss MacArthur bitterly complained that in regard to civic rights women were not being treated fairly. . . . Did Mr. Bonar Law think that women were not interested in the subject of men's apparel? Women were deeply interested in such a subject."—Daily Paper.

Westminster Bridge seemed to be something of an anachronism. He wore a very decently cut frock-coat, but it was old in pattern. His tie was black, and his collar was distinctly reminiscent of the fashion which swayed the minds of mankind in the days when our mothers were proud to wear bustles. The carefully polished silk hat with the curly brim was also archaic. And the trousers might well have adorned Queen Victoria's funeral. In fact, the whole aspect of this personage, if I may say so without offence, was funereal and obsolete. As a matter of fact, it was simply Mr. Rudyard Kipling walking in the direction of St. Thomas's Hospital. I, at any rate, am one of those who believe that Mr. Kipling's muse is not so archaic as his tailor. After this enthralling vision, I turned round the corner and tramped the noble pavements of Whitehall. The

Kipling Walks.

I emerged the other morning from the subterranean fastnesses of the Underground Railway—where, you will remember, the late Sir Lewis Morris wrote an entertaining epic on Hell while he travelled on the permanent way—and the first person who confronted me near



TO READ MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S RED CROSS EXPERIENCES AT MR. GEORGE ROBEY'S CONCERT AT THE COLISEUM NEXT SUNDAY: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

The concert—Mr. Robey's biggest effort so far—is in aid of the British Committee of the French Red Cross. He will read a message from General Foch.

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.

first person I met was a very keen-looking young gentleman wearing a white hat, a brown suit, and the whitest spats I have ever seen outside a nigger minstrel troupe. He walked briskly, and he puffed briskly at a peculiarly large cigar. I may confess that I myself had already quietly slipped my hand into my pocket with an idea of putting the pound on the infallible tip for the three-thirty which Luigi had whispered into my ear at the Criterion, when a passing motor-'bus driver—showing, perhaps, a more native wit than do the generality of his colleagues since they abandoned the whip for the steering-wheel—observed in tones that were loud and unmistakable, "What-o, Ascot—any luck to-day?" Having given you the place of this encounter, it is almost unnecessary to remark that the cheerful figure

who aroused the sporting instincts in the passing 'bus-driver and in myself was his Majesty's learned Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith.

Other Celebrities.

Then I walked a few yards further up the street, and met a quiet old gentleman walking sedately along the road, with a large black bag in his hand which rather suggested the family doctor. His silk hat was frayed, and his clothes were clearly out of date. This was Finlay, who was Attorney-General in the days before Sir Frederick brought the atmosphere of white top-hats and fragrant Coronas to this seat of office. I passed on, and reached Leicester Square. There was an elegant lady talking on the kerbstone to a girl and two officers. This was Mrs. Patrick Campbell. While they were talking a very beautiful young creature with



RULING THE WAVES AT LEICESTER: LADY DIANA MANNERS AS BRITANNIA.

Lady Diana appeared as Britannia in a war play given at the Royal Opera House, Leicester, in aid of the V.A.D. Transport Fund. Photograph by C.N.

Seated next to me was a quiet-faced, silvery-haired man, with the air of a French abbé, who was smiling with a benign tolerance over an illustrated weekly journal which modesty forbids me to name. He was Sir Richard Muir, most famous of Crown Counsel and most deadly of prosecutors. A little later, I came to those steps which lead us down from Carlton House Terrace to the Park, where Princess Lichnowsky took her last walk in London. Tripping down the steps with the buoyant air of a schoolboy I encountered Mr. Balfour, wearing a large wide-awake hat and talking to a very charming companion.

Kerensky and the Women.

I do not know that I can agree with those who say that Princess Mary has never looked better than she did when she wore her Commandant's uniform in the quadrangle of Buckingham Palace. My personal belief is that Princess Mary can grace any clothes she wears, and I certainly remember seeing her make some very indifferent garments look almost beautiful. But, at any rate, she looked delightful on that sunny Saturday afternoon when thousands of her fellow-women workers arrived at the Palace to congratulate the King and Queen on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. The women were an absolute credit to the physique



"SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER FROM OVER THE SEA": A WAX DOLL REPRESENTING QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON HER WEDDING DAY—A GIFT TO HER FROM THE BRITISH WOMEN'S HOSPITAL.

Photograph by Hoppe.



RAISED TO THE PEERAGE FOR HIS WORK AS DIRECTOR OF FOOD PRODUCTION: COL. SIR ARTHUR LEE, M.P.

It will be recalled that Sir Arthur Lee has presented Chequers Court to the nation as an official residence for future Premiers.

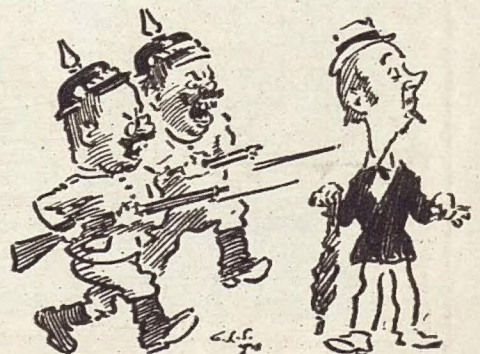
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A WEDDING IN PICCADILLY: CAPTAIN FIELDING JOHNSON, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE (MISS GWENDOLEN WHETSTONE) LEAVING ST. JAMES'S.

Captain Fielding Johnson is a son of the High Sheriff of Leicestershire.

Photograph by L.N.A.



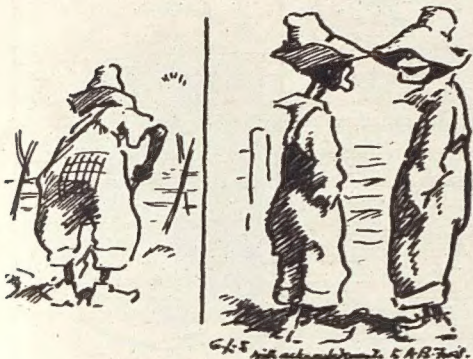
IF THE GERMANS CAME OVER: A C.O. CUTTING THEM DEAD.

"What would you do if the Germans came over?" asked Mr. Collingwood Hope of a Conscientious Objector at the Essex Appeal Tribunal. The Appellant: "Avoid them as much as possible."

and the training of the country. It is not generally known, but it happens to be a fact, that M. Kerensky was present and saw the start of the procession. "These women remind me of our Battalions of Death," he remarked to a friend. I know that he intended to bestow a great compliment upon our war-girls, but I cannot help thinking that the phrase he used was unintentionally unhappy. We have no Women's Battalions of Death in England. On the contrary, we have nothing but the finest Battalions of Life.

Garden Parties. There seems to be no end to the garden-party epidemic just now. The remarkable success of the Theatrical Garden Party has been followed up by the equally remarkable success of the St. James's Palace Garden Party. The rush at Old Bond Street for tickets was quite remarkable when it was known that

Princess Patricia had promised to be present. And then, of course, there is the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild Fête, which is to be held under the auspices of Lady Fripp. A goodly number of us have got more than a little tired of the conventional charity matinée, and we can welcome the charity garden party as a sea-sonable innovation.



ONE NIGGER AT WORK.

TWO NIGGERS AT WORK.

"I work as hard as a nigger; in fact, as hard as two niggers," a tradesman told the local tribunal.—*Daily Paper.*

Music for the Italian Red Cross.

When I looked in at the Queen's Hall the other day to see what the musical public were doing to aid the cause of the Italian Red Cross, I was amazed at the number of celebrities who flashed diamonds at me through the stately gloom of the Queen's. Queen Amélie sat in the stalls with a lady friend, and left the hall recognised by only a few. In the grand circle I noticed the Princess of Monaco, who was far more conspicuous, and Lady Kinnaird and Lady Tweeddale. I hear from Sir Thomas Beecham that these concerts have realised well over £6000. This is surely a magnificent result.

Mr. Asquith and the Government.

Have you heard any of the exciting but purely speculative rumours about Mr. Asquith joining the present Government? Talk about this possibility has been very prevalent in the clubs of late; but, as a well-known politician expressed it last week, "the whole thing is pure moonshine." It is amusing to relate that at least one friend of Miss Elizabeth Asquith has already congratulated her upon her father's probable return to the Cabinet. I confess that I am ignorant as to the nature of the reply which was despatched. However, it seems safe to assume that Mr. Asquith will never come back to a Government of Mr. Lloyd George's. It is almost as safe to assume that he will never come back to any Government unless he is sent for by the King. In this case he would form his Government himself.



AT HER STALL AT THE SAVOY HOTEL FÊTE IN AID OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FORCE: LADY CLANCARTY (LEFT), WITH MISS MURIEL HODDER.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The Billing Suspension. As a rule, the proceedings of Parliament are so distinctly dull that they thoroughly deserve the bare little reports which the *Daily Mail* and other up-to-date journals give them in these days. But there are exceptions which prove every rule, and I am pleased to know that the House of



THE NEW MEMBER FOR CLAPHAM: MR. HARRY GREER, M.P.

Mr. Harry Greer, recently elected M.P. for Clapham as a Coalitionist, is Chairman and Managing Director of the firm of H. and W. Greer, Ltd., which he founded. A traveller of wide experience, he is an out-and-out Imperialist, a keen advocate of a United Home Front, and an ardent supporter of the Win-the-War Government.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

Commons has rules which prove every exception. I am led to say this by the really exciting little fight which I witnessed the other afternoon, when Mr. Pemberton Billing, having shouted himself hoarse in an endeavour to obstruct the business of Parliament, was frog-marched out of the House, kicking out with the stroke of a strong swimmer all the way. It was very evident that the whole affair upset the Speaker deeply. His voice trembled as he trembled himself. At the same time, his remark, "You must not think that this is the Law Courts," was one of the best things said in the House during the year.

The Late Lord Rhondda.

I knew Lord Rhondda well, and during the last years of his life was in almost constant communication

with him. His thin lips, steel-grey eyes, and somewhat acid habits of speech frequently gave a general impression that he was a hard and cynical personality. Nothing could be further from the actual fact. The last time I saw him we wandered together over a country



THE WIFE OF THE NEW MEMBER FOR CLAPHAM: MRS. HARRY GREER, WITH HER DAUGHTER BRIDGET.

farm, and discoursed upon everything from the war to religion. Quite frankly, I do not think Lord Rhondda had any settled convictions upon either subject. "I think our people are getting used to the war," he remarked; "but then, it is in the nature of human beings to get used to almost anything. Who would have thought that the British public would have got used to my rations? A few years ago any politician who had dared to suggest rationing the people's food would have been put into a lunatic asylum or the deepest dungeon in the Tower; but here I have established my rationing system, and the people have got quite used to it—indeed, I rather think they like it!"



PRESENTERS OF BOUQUETS TO THE QUEEN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE HAYMARKET MATINÉE FOR THE WOMEN'S LEGION: LORD LONDONDERRY'S YOUNGER DAUGHTERS, LADIES HELEN AND MARGARET STEWART.

Photograph by C.N.

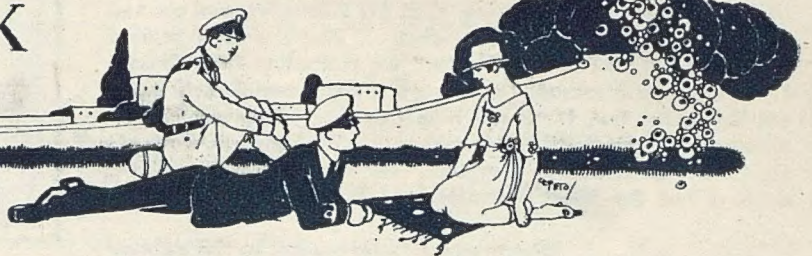
A Tailor Story.

I looked into the Divorce Court during the week, and found Mr. Justice Horridge as busy as ever. It is a curious, half-pathetic, and a half-humorous thing to see this Judge dealing with the amorous misdoings of the "Billies and Tillies" who crowd his corridors. Mr. Justice Horridge was never interested in divorce before he went on the Bench, and even after he had become a Judge his chief interest was for a long time in financial causes. "I have not much sympathy with people who give too long credit," he said once; "they manufacture debtors for this Court." "Somehow or other, that remark of the Judge's," said an irreverent barrister to me once, "reminds me of the impecunious Peer who called upon his son's tailor. 'I believe my son, Lord So-and-So'—we won't mention his name, as he has done splendidly in the war—'owes you a great deal of money,' he remarked to the tailor. 'Quite so, my Lord,' was the cheerful response; 'but you have really no reason to worry about the matter at all. At any rate, there is no hurry.' 'Oh, you misunderstand,' retorted his Lordship. 'I called to order some clothes myself.'"—THE WORLDLING.



"Really, my dear, I do think that costume's a little underdone. I know this is a lonely place, but you never know who sees you under the water with all these submarines about!"

SMALL TALK



THREE only of the ten bridesmaids who followed Queen Mary on her wedding day, twenty-five years ago, were able to offer Silver Wedding congratulations to her Majesty last Saturday—Princess Victoria, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Patricia of Connaught. Only one of the ten, Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, now the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, can be counted as an "enemy," which is, after all, something of a record when one remembers that a not inconsiderable number of "royal" husbands used to be made in Germany. Three of the bridesmaids of years ago are now themselves queens: the Queen of Norway, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Roumania, whose loyalty to the country where her father was born no amount of misfortune has been able to shake.



ENGAGED: MISS WINIFRED APSLEY-SMITH.

Miss Apsley-Smith, whose engagement to Mr. John Phillimore, Army Motor Transport, son of the Rev. Arthur Phillimore, Willesley Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is announced, is the daughter of Colonel W. Apsley-Smith, C.B., of Britwell House, South Oxon. [Photograph by Bassano.]

Helmsley, who has probably done more for the rising generation than any of her contemporaries in Society. Lady Helmsley's enthusiasm for seeing babies decently brought up is matched only by her keenness to see German music, if not wiped off the face of the earth, at least eliminated from the programme of every British entertainment. If she has not entirely succeeded in her campaign against the works of enemy composers, she has, as President of the War Emergency Entertainments, done her best to get the musical works of English composers a fair hearing. No amount of argument on the part of those who urge that art is an international affair will convince Lady Helmsley that the Hun-made variety is not an affront in war-time. The attitude may not be defensible on grounds of pure reason, but it fits in with popular sentiment; and there are times when sentiment is not a bad guide.

The Late Lord Rhondda. An additional touch of sadness is imparted to the death of Lord Rhondda by the circumstance that he did not live to enjoy the greatest personal triumph of the war. He was the one "business" member of the Government who made an unequalled success of his job. He took it in most unfavourable circumstances; and the political prophets foresaw for him a very short and very uncomfortable tenure of the Food Control. Instead, Lord Rhondda really won popularity, odd as the fact may seem, by cutting people's menus short.



TO MARRY SHORTLY: MISS ELIZABETH HEYGATE.

Miss Heygate, whose engagement to Captain G. Bryans Wolfe, R.F.A., only son of the late Mr. Gerald Harvie Wolfe, of Newton, Chester, has been announced, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heygate, of Eton College, and Salt Grass, Lymington.

[Photograph by Val'Estrange.]

All British. Of all the assiduous workers in the cause of Baby Welfare, which occupied so much public attention last week, none is more assiduous than Muriel Viscountess



TO MARRY SHORTLY: MRS. A. O. TREFUSIS.

Mrs. A. O. Trefusis, W.R.N.S., widow of Captain A. O. Trefusis, late of the Loyal N. Lancashires, and daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. Spicer, of East Anstey, N. Devon, is shortly to marry Captain G. F. Hyde, of the Royal Australian Navy.

[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TO MARRY SHORTLY: MISS EVELYN VIOLET HIGNELL.

Miss Hignell, who has been a keen war-worker, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hignell, of Southsea, and is shortly to marry Lieutenant L. J. Ellacott Genner, of the Royal Air Force.

[Photograph by Beer.]

It shows that the British people are always ready to obey and respect authority when exercised with intelligence and without fear or favour.

A Great Captain of Industry. Whatever Lord Rhondda did was certain to be done intelligently, for he was one of the most intellectual of our great captains

of industry, combining business acumen with a wide culture and considerable mental subtlety. In many ways he approximated rather to the American than the English business type. His ideas were of the largest, and his methods had a logical completeness rare in this land of compromise. It would be difficult to enumerate the various enterprises, in Britain, France, and Canada, in which Lord Rhondda was largely interested; but the Cambrian Combine, of which he was the head, alone commanded a capital of three millions, and paid a yearly wages bill of about fifteen hundred thousand. Lady Mackworth, his only child, to whom the title passes, inherits to a full degree the business capacity of her father.

The Latest Peer. Sir Arthur Lee gave

Chequers to the nation, and the King is now giving a peerage to Sir Arthur Lee. I fancy the nation is quite pleased over both facts. Sir Arthur is one of the many politicians who have renounced party ties since the war. He made a remarkable speech some months ago, in which he spoke of the impossibility of going back to the "old issues," and announced that he would never again fight his constituency at Fareham on a party ticket. That pledge, at any rate, is now fulfilled, though in a manner Sir Arthur probably never had in mind. As befits one who foresaw the war, Sir Arthur has worked manfully in it, and his knighthood was conferred two years ago in recognition of brilliant services in the munitions department. Lady Lee is an American.

The Glorious Fourth of July.

Last Thursday, many years ago, the United States of America declared their independence. By last Thursday, the same United States had sent their first million to Europe to upset the game of Germany. The days of understanding between Great Britain and America are really very recent; but it is a proof of the binding effect of agreement in a common cause that no trace of incongruity in an English celebration of America's Day was visible. The one great positive gain of the war is this brotherhood between the two branches of the English-speaking peoples, which one hopes will be a permanent reunion—two flags, two minds, two languages (for American is in the most vivid sense a language), but one soul. The King at the Baseball Match is one symbol of the greatest and most hopeful fact of the times.

An Eloquent President.

President Wilson never speaks without saying something which should live. At Mount Vernon, on the Fourth, he expressed the aim of the Great War tersely and vividly when he said that "What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed, and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind."



ENGAGED: MISS CONSTANCE J. MATTHEY.

Miss Matthey, whose engagement to Lieutenant James E. Marigold, R.A.F., son of Mr. J. A. Marigold, Augustus Road, Edgbaston, has been announced, is the only daughter of Mr. R. D. Matthey, of The Croft, Hartley Wintrey, Hampshire.

[Photograph by Bassano.]



TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY: MISS DOROTHY MARY PHILLIPS.

Miss Dorothy Phillips, who is shortly to marry Mr. Clement de la Hay, youngest son of the late Rev. E. O. de la Hay, Rector of Batheaston, Somerset, is a daughter of the late Colonel H. W. Phillips, and of Mrs. Phillips, Stokefield, Great Malvern.

[Photograph by Lafayette.]

"DOING HER BIT"—WITH THE REST OF SOCIETY.

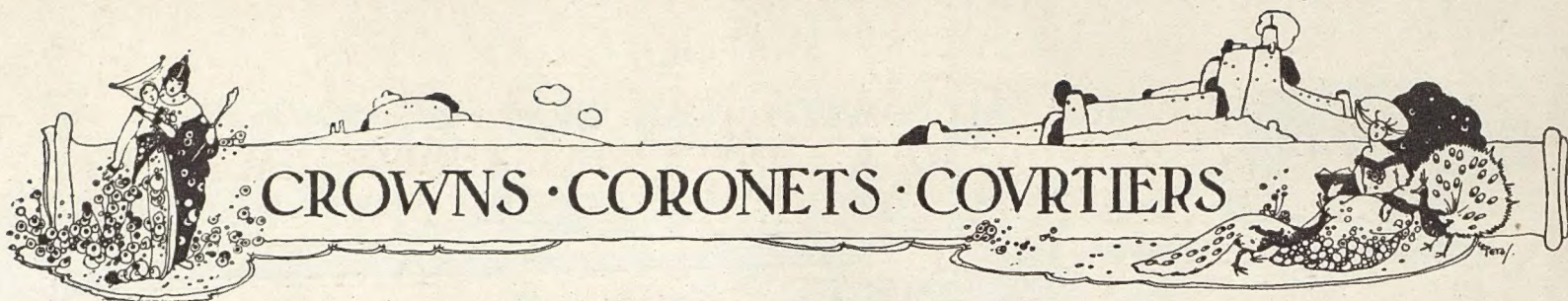


DAUGHTER OF THE FIFTH VISCOUNT CLIFDEN: THE HON. MRS. GRANVILLE KNOX.

The Hon. Mrs. Granville Knox is a daughter of the fifth Viscount Clifden. She is the wife of Captain Thomas Granville Knox, who belongs to a collateral branch of the family of the Earl of Ranfurly. Her husband was formerly a Captain in the 3rd (Territorial or ex-Militia)

Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, and also a J.P. and D.L. for Co. Tyrone, in Ireland. Captain and Mrs. Granville Knox have one daughter, born in 1898. They have done, and are doing, their part in war-work, as are so many other well-known people in Society.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



LORD DENBIGH, chief of all patriotic propagandists among Peers, is in his sixtieth year. When he is not lecturing he is writing to the *Times*, and in any odd moments in between he is drawing maps of Middle Europe with indications of the German encroachments thereon. Some people vainly imagine that Lord Denbigh has been suddenly roused from the lethargy proper to English Peers. That is nonsense. He was not out of his teens when he went into the Royal Artillery, and he served as a Captain in the South African War. Later, he added to his experiences of life in all sorts of jobs. He went to Ireland as Lord Londonderry's A.D.C.; he sat on the London County Council; did eight years' duty as Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and King Edward; went as Special Envoy to Rome at Pope Leo's jubilee; accepted more than nominal Directorships of the London Joint Stock Bank and other concerns; has been in command of the Honourable Artillery Company for a quarter of a century, and Vice-Chairman of the City of London Territorial Force Association from



AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER:
THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY
HOWARD.

daughter of Baron Methuen, of Methuen's Horse," Mrs. Geoffrey Howard, wife of the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P., uncle of the Earl of Arlisle, is a busy war-worker. She was, before her marriage, the Hon. Christian Methuen.



A WAR BENEFACTRESS:
MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS.
Mrs. Marshall Roberts, whose husband is an officer in the Welsh Guards, takes a very active interest in all matters connected with the war, and her house, Eaton Hall, Grantham, has been used as a hospital for wounded since October 1914.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

is prepared for nearly everything—a rotten egg or a packet of flour—but not for an embrace. But Russian men are still the kissers of each other that Frenchmen and Italian men were a generation ago. The English reticence in this detail of domestic manners has gradually spread over the Continent. In France the



DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS
GENERAL: MISS BIRDWOOD.
Miss Birdwood is a daughter of
that famous leader of men, General
Sir William Riddell Birdwood, who
was so beloved by his troops that
they gave him the title of "The
Soul of Anzac." He is a K.C.B.,
K.C.S.I., and has won, in addition,
the D.S.O.

Photograph. by Lallie Charles.

grumbler, discovering a new grievance. But that was not really to the point. "I've taken a situation," said the Peer, looking as guilty as he could. "What is it?" asked the company in chorus. "I've become my own agent and steward." Those are berths which quite an army of elderly landlords are beginning to fill to the satisfaction of all concerned, and even their own.

*Fliers and the
"Fly."*

The "flu" has had a particularly large number of victims among flying men.

In one camp of the R.A.F. nearly fifty per cent. of the officers and men were suddenly put to bed by it. The most recent cases have been short and sharp. But civilians have not gone scot-free. In one Mayfair street every house that was occupied has had its hospital ward. More than eighty years ago Disraeli was writing to a London hostess, Lady Blessington: "Ever since your most agreeable dinner-party I have been a prisoner with the influenza—a most amazing infirmity in these troublesome times, when one likes to move about and gather all the chit-chat, which is always wrong." There is a true-blue touch of modernity about that!



APPEARING AT A WAR MATINÉE:
LADY IDINA WALLACE.

The Wisdom of Lord Mersey. Lord Mersey is the Master of the Middle Temple Hall, and many things besides. It was in that legal, semi-public capacity that he recently entertained the Prime Minister, "no speeches" being the lure equally appreciated by politicians and by lawyers—the men who live by their tongues. Now that it is made quite clear that "to dumb" a man is a correct English verb, Shakespeare consenting, it may be said that Lord Mersey achieved his true master-stroke for all concerned when he "dumbed" the Ministers he entertained in the matter of s



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN PRIVY COUNCIL-
LOR: THE HON. MRS. SEELY.

WORKING FOR THE WAR: SOME WELL-KNOWN LADIES.



WORKING IN A WAR-HOSPITAL:
MRS. BUTLER-THIVING.



DRIVING A MOTOR AMBULANCE IN
FRANCE: LADY MURIEL BERTIE.



WAR-WORKER AND NURSE:
MRS. GEORGE EARLE.



A DRIVER FOR THE RED CROSS:
MISS ESTHER ROGERS.



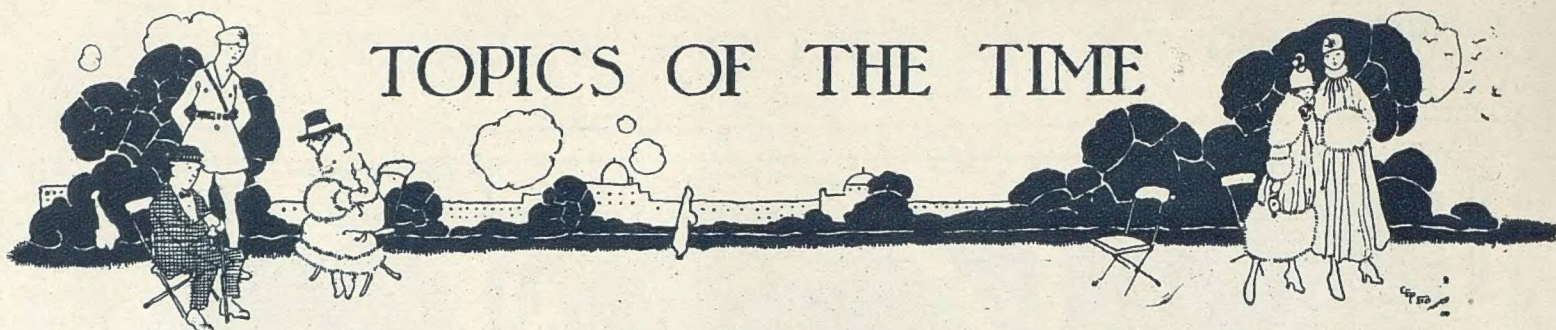
A CANTEEN WORKER: MRS. LEONARD
S. CLEAVER.



NURSING AT A WEST-END HOSPITAL: MRS. ERIC BENSON.

Mrs. Butler Thiving is wife of Capt. F. Butler-Thiving, Coldstream Guards, and daughter of the late Major-General Lord R. D. Kerr and Lady Anne Kerr. She has worked at her mother's Red Cross Hospital near Edinburgh.—Lady Muriel Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey, has served as a nurse, and is driving a motor ambulance.—Mrs. Earle, a granddaughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, is nursing at the American Red Cross Hospital, at Neuilly.—Miss Rogers is daughter of Sir Hallewell

Rogers, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, J.P. for the City of Birmingham, of which he was Lord Mayor 1902-4. Miss Rogers is driving an ambulance for the Red Cross.—Mrs. Cleaver is wife of Mr. Leonard Cleaver, of West Derby, and daughter of the Right Hon. Sir George Houstoun Reid, P.C., M.P. for St. George's, Hanover Square.—Mrs. Eric Benson is the widow of Lieut.-Col. Benson, M.C., killed on active service. He was the son of Sir Frank Benson, the well-known actor.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I have been told yet again, per Admiralty wireless, that Hindenburg is a gift from Heaven; and I wonder if there can be anything in it? Of course, there are gifts and gifts, and we sometimes give away the rubbish we don't want.

When Hindenburg one day was hurled upon an unsuspecting world, 'twas Heaven's day for clearing out the rubbish that she found about. And Heaven showed her charity by dropping him on Germany!

This is July 1918—no, not 1915—and my newspaper informs me quite chirpily that no time is being lost in the combing-out of the Government offices!

So tough and tangled had the mischief grown, so mixed and matted by its long neglect, that when at last they could no more postpone, and started combing, 'twas to sad effect! Poor Rip van Whitehall! Had his beard been trimmed before his sleeping for these war-drawn years, the sharp out-combing might have left unbrimmed the eyes now streaming with the twinge-brought tears! No wonder, surely, that with pain he wept when Barber Peel upon his tangle fell! So slow the comb in other hands had crept that rumour says it was a *tortoise-shell*!

I would not for the world, and all that in it isn't, agree with a famous French sculptor who declared that all women who were not bandy were knock-kneed. But I've been sitting among the beach-tents at Bournemouth, and I have arrived at the conclusion, after a careful study of the question from most points of view worth considering, that lovely woman attired for bathing is at her best in the illustrated advertisements of the big drapery houses.

And please don't think it very horrid of me if I remind you of the cynic who said the seaside was a place where one realised annually that a woman's foot was not a foot at all, but a compressed higgledy-piggledy of toes! Which brings me to wondering if this



THE HURLINGHAM FÊTE FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS: A COUNTESS AND OTHER HELPERS.

At the Hurlingham Fête, Fair, and Sports, the Countess of Rothes (second from the left) was in charge of the "Aunt Sally," which proved a very popular figure in the programme—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

was at the bottom of Dr. Truby King's assertion, in that "Racial Deterioration" lecture, that, "instead of being proud of small feet, people should be ashamed of them"?

For years had Daphne thought her feet the leading charm of her creation. The man behind her in the street she felt was lost in admiration. She gave her skirt, already high, a tug which had an upward leaning, that 'twixt her ankle and his eye no object should be intervening. (Her feet were so absurdly small they didn't look like feet at all!)

In trams and 'buses and the train—a rather cruel thing to mention—she crossed, and crossed her legs again, the better to attract attention. Ill-natured folk have said to me that Daphne thus provoked the staring that everybody there might see the pretty stockings she was wearing—a somewhat thinnish silken pair. But that is neither here nor there.



A "ROYAL SILVER WEDDING" PRESENT TO THE RED CROSS: A GEORGIAN EPERGNE.

Silver Wedding presents for the King and Queen are being given, not to their Majesties, but to the Red Cross, to be sold for their funds. Our photograph shows one gift—the épergne presented by Sir Lancelot Aubrey Fletcher and Major H. L. Aubrey Fletcher, M.V.O. At the table are the following members of the Executive Council: Countess Curzon (seated), Viscountess Sandhurst, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

Photograph by Topical.

But Daphne's days of joy are spent, and pride and she have no connection. Her feet no longer represent the proper standard of perfection. She hides them from the chasing swains, ashamed to know their size impos. is; and in the 'buses, trams, and trains her legs she never, never crosses. And Daphne hates like anything "that horrid Dr. Truby King!"

Mr. Bromley's hope that when a Socialist Government comes into power they will erect a statue in some public square in recognition of the stand made by Conscientious Objectors has bucked up the sculpture business enormously, and designs for appropriate groups are daily pouring in at the offices of Mr. B.'s Union. By a coincidence which only a very few people may consider remarkable, all these designs are precisely like one another. And, to make matters still more difficult, I'm afraid that in mine there is no strikingly fresh departure from the lines of the massed scheme.

Excuse me, Mr. Bromley, if the following design is rather like the rest in your possession. You see, originality gets little chance to shine in subjects that admit of one expression. At all events, my effort has the merit, I submit, of being plainly true and unpretentious; and this you will remember, Sir, in criticising it—the thing is *absolutely conscientious*!

The group I'd put before you shows your heroes at their best. The enemy, achieving his ambition, has found his way to England with the Kaiser and the rest—(remember, this is only supposition.) And here you'd see a family (in black for gallant sons) all massacred, from Baby up to Father; and piously your heroes are remarking to the Huns, "Dear friends, you seem to overdo it rather?"

I'm sorry, Mr. Bromley, if the bulk of my design has only just the truth to recommend it. Perhaps you may not think it altogether in your line? If that is so, I'll promise not to send it. But be the statue yours or mine you raise up in the square, maybe on this event you have not reckoned—the *working men* you represent would leave it standing there for just about a quarter of a second!

A. B. M.

FROM "CHU CHIN CHOW" TO RAKE, SCYTHER, HOE: MARJANAH.



ORCHARD SCENES NOT IN "CHU CHIN CHOW": MISS PAULINE RUSSELL ON AGRICULTURE BENT.

If we cannot agree with Pope that "every woman is at heart a rake," time at least has proved that many a woman loves a rake (in the strictly agricultural sense), not to mention a scythe or a hoe. Witness, for instance, the activities of the land girls. Among those whom the

lure of the soil has called in recreation time is Miss Pauline Russell, who now plays Marjanah in "Chu Chin Chow," at His Majesty's, a part formerly taken by Miss Violet Essex. Miss Russell, it will be seen, is equally at home on the cabbage patch and in the hayfield.

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier.

SOCIETY IN "THE GREAT LOVE": A PATRIOTIC FILM PLAY.



1. WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMEN IN "THE GREAT LOVE": THE HON. MRS. E. S. MONTAGU AND OTHERS REHEARSING WITH MR. D. W. GRIFFITH, THE PRODUCER.

2. HOSPITAL WORK FILMED FOR "THE GREAT LOVE": MISS BETTINA STUART-WORTLEY SCRUBBING THE FLOOR OF A WARD.

Many well-known women are appearing in a patriotic film-play arranged by Mr. David W. Griffith, and called "The Great Love," particulars of which reach us from America. "The Great Love" is the love of country evoked by the war. The story shows the experiences of an

American who has come to Europe in war time, and, in a spirit of adventure, finds himself caught up by the wave of patriotic effort. Amid many perplexing problems, he rises on the crest of the finest emotions and ambitions, and acquits himself nobly. Among other things the play

[Continued opposite.]

SOCIETY IN "THE GREAT LOVE": A PATRIOTIC FILM PLAY.



1. NURSING WORK FILMED FOR "THE GREAT LOVE": MISS BETTINA STUART-WORTLEY AND LADY DIANA MANNERS TENDING WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN HOSPITAL.

2. MUNITION WORK FILMED FOR "THE GREAT LOVE": THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA ON DUTY IN A MUNITION FACTORY.

Continued.

shows how British women of rank and fashion abandoned their previous social pursuits and devoted themselves to all kinds of war-work. The list of those taking part in the play, which represents them engaged on their real war-work, includes the Countess of Massereene and Ferrard

(a photograph of whom appears on another page), the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Diana Manners, the Hon. Mrs. E. S. Montagu (wife of the Secretary for India), Miss Bettina Stuart-Wortley, Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Lady Lavery, and Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough).

A DANCER AS A GOLDFISH ! STUDIO

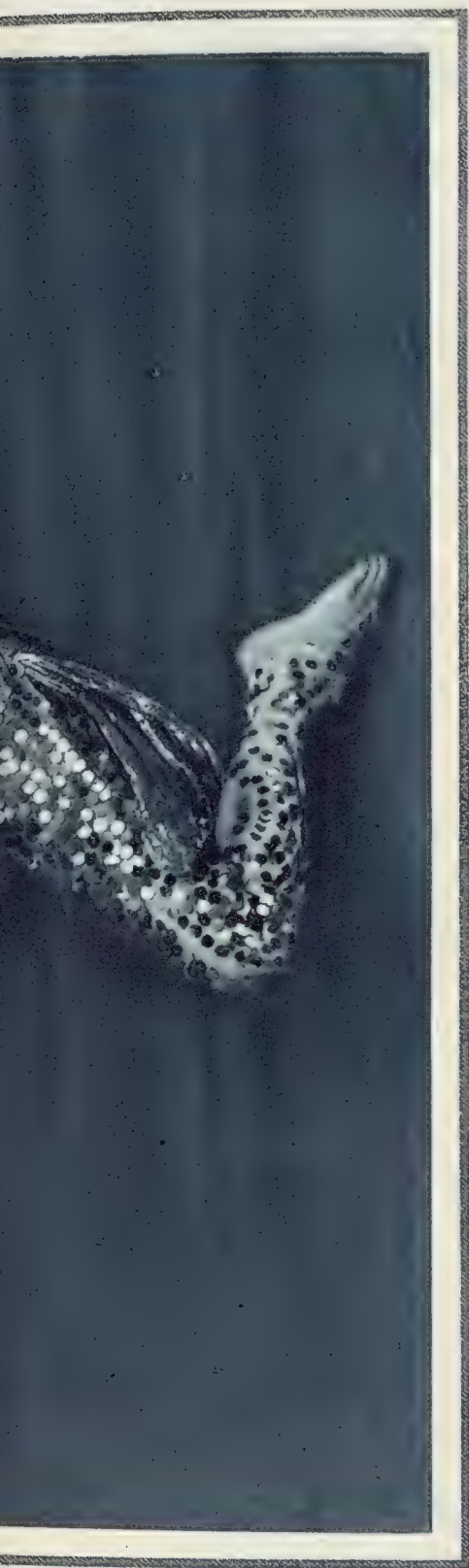


IN HER DANCE, "LE POISSON"

Miss Margaret Morris, the well-known dancer, has worn a good many remarkable costumes in her day, but none more remarkable than this, which is des

Photographs by

OF A REMARKABLE "MAKE-UP."



"": MISS MARGARET MORRIS.

to represent a gold-fish. Miss Morris, it will be remembered, has her own little theatre in Chelsea. Her presentations are nothing if not original.
enington.

A V.A.D. (VERY ATTRACTIVE DAMSEL) WHO NURSED A



1. "GOOD-BYE-EE!" MR. DAWSON MILWARD AS THE HON. BROOKE STANWAY AND MISS MARIE LOHR AS LADY GILLIAN DUNSMORE.

2. THE V.C.'S UNASPIRATED MOTHER WHO DISMISSED "NURSE BENSON" AS AN IMPOSTOR: MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS MRS. JOSEPH TIBBENHAM.

The real Nurse Benson was a worthy woman of the comfortable type, but not of that with which V.C. heroes are wont to fall in love—on the stage. Lady Gillian Dunsmore was the pretty and vivacious niece, and ward, of Lord Messiger, and she gave her guardian an anxious time. Her pal, the Hon. Brooke Stanway, whom her uncle wanted her to marry, had refused to introduce her to a certain wounded V.C., and so, just for a lark, or out of curiosity, she passed herself off as Nurse Benson, and was engaged to attend the convalescent hero. Cupid also took a hand in the cure. Presently, however, it was

THE "NURSE BENSON" WHO WAS SOMEBODY ELSE.



KISS THAT CAUSED A DEAL OF COMEDY: MR. FRED KERR AS LORD MESSIGER AND MISS MARIE LOHR AS HIS NIECE, LADY GILLIAN.

4. THREE PEOPLE IN ONE: MISS MARIE LOHR AS LADY GILLIAN DUNSMORE IMPERSONATING NURSE BENSON, IN "NURSE BENSON," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

to the V.C.'s parents, a respectable but unaspirated couple, that the charming nurse who was making love to their son had been seen kissing an peer named Lord Messiger. The irate mother thereupon dismissed "Nurse Benson" with contumely, while the irate father tackled the erring nobleman, in of infinite humour. We have indicated the main outlines of the comedy, and the *dénouement* may be left to the imagination, or, better still, a visit to the theatre, to see the plot unfold itself in deeds as well as words.—[Portrait of Miss Marie Lohr by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

not only the heart of her V.C. patient, but that of all others in her V.C.-nity!

If an inhabitant of Mars had come down to us in London this last fortnight he would have thought that life in your city was a perpetual fête. It was all fairs, parties, and matinées for the great benefit of orphans and others. I've just had a little line from Mr. George Robey, who has set out to knock all his previous charitable records—one of which was the making of £8030 by means of one concert at the Coliseum—into a cocked hat. He is giving a Sunday concert at the Coliseum on July 14, and he has undertaken in advance to earn thereby £10,000 for the British Committee of the French Red Cross.

These are some of the methods by which he means to do it:

A programme including Irene Vanbrugh, Violet Loraine, José Collins, Melsa, Winifred Barnes, Norah Blaney and Gwendoline Farrar, Elsa Stralia, Henry Ainley, Charles Hawtrey, Edmund Gwenn, Vernon Watson, the Gresham Singers, Mark Hambourg, W. H. Squire, Thorpe Bates, Davy Burnaby, and Tony Castle, Robey himself, and others; also a special film, provided for his use exclusively by the French Government, of actual fighting and Red Cross work at the front; a special message from Mr. Arnold Bennett, who writes from personal experience of Red Cross work in France, to be read by Miss Irene Vanbrugh; a message to the British people, through the comedian, from General Foch; the auctioning of several priceless souvenirs sent, unsolicited, to George by British and French soldiers for this purpose. One of them is a wooden sign-post, "To Hell Fire Corner." This stood for very many months in Ypres, and is accompanied by a written guarantee from the soldiers who sent it that it is the actual, original sign-post: it will be recognised by many fighting men among the audience.

This wonderful £10,000 concert at the Coliseum will be part of a campaign on behalf of the French Red Cross and in conjunction with France's Day. In connection with it George Robey and Violet Loraine will make a week-end trip to Liverpool to appear, on the previous Sunday, at a concert he is giving at the Liverpool Empire, with which he hopes to secure at least another £5000.

Another interesting fête will be that given in the grounds of Summerfield, Elstree, kindly lent by Lady Pritchard Jones, on Saturday, July 13, in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

The fête will be opened by Mrs. Lloyd George at 2.30 p.m. A string orchestra of the 31st Middlesex Regiment will play. Variety entertainments will be organised by Lady Milsom Rees and Mrs. Edward Hulton, and teas will be provided by Mrs. J. B. B. Wellington. Trains will leave St. Pancras at 1.15.



UT before I begin there's something I want to say: it's very important to me, and perhaps to you, and I had better say it at once, in case you had not the patience to read my letter through, in which case, of course, you would miss my message. Dear Readers and Readeresses, however beautiful you may be, please don't send me your photographs—unless they be to decorate my own dug-out; but don't send me photographs with a name and address which I can with difficulty decipher, and a little note saying a few much too flattering things about me, and then casually—"And here is my photograph in my latest Land Army Corps smock, in which I worked last spring for fully a fortnight. Please, dear Phrynette, do publish it, as my friend Lady Trumpet has had hers last week in the *Reflector* offering a lump of sugar to a wounded Tommy. The smock is emerald-green embroidered in magenta wool. It does not show on the photo, but you might, perhaps, print description underneath."

Or it is a photograph from a reader, a "you" from the front. It is not his photograph that he wants published, but that of his beautiful little wife—the dearest girl that ever was—and their beautiful little son Archibald, aged six-and-a-half months, the finest little chap, and so frightfully clever; he can already make the military salute and lisp "Down with the Kaiser"—at least, he tries to.

Or it is the Hon. Penelope Nobleneck sending a snapshot of her aristocratic self at a canteen, wiping a soup-tureen with a smile—and a cloth, of course!

All this is most interesting, and if all those war relics were sent me for my own delectation and collection I would be overwhelmed with gratitude; but it comes to this—that I, who have nothing to do with the illustration side of *The Sketch* and not enough leisure to answer my own love-letters, have to unpack, stick and stamp I don't know how many photographs a week, ruining myself in string, and making many enemies in the process! What is that fascination of the photograph? Personally, my last that was published must have lost me the love of many "yous," for some indiscriminate shadows had given a beard and red nose to my innocent countenance—innocent of those two things, I mean.

"Wiping a soup-tureen with a smile—and a cloth, of course."

Talking of pretty women (nothing to do with last paragraph!), one of the prettiest women in town is Lady Randolph Churchill's niece, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, who, with her "bobbed" sunny brown curls, merry look, and clever hands which model so well, is exceedingly popular as an artist and woman. She has modelled recently several well-known people, including her aunt; and everyone will remember her gracious statuette of beautiful Princess Patricia, and her interesting portrait of Lady Maud Wairrender and her little son.

If the war goes on in its red old routine, many will be the heroes from "Wipers" to Palestine, and mighty few the men at home; and then, methinks, there will be room for a cuddling and kissing and comforting machine—a cross between a rocking-chair, a strait-jacket, and a merry-go-round; but the amorous maiden will have to close her eyes tight and dream hard!

Imagine a pretty-looking nurse, with a blue dress to match her eyes, and a handsome V.C. with an interesting knee-cap being every June day that God gave in an English garden for weeks and weeks—what happens then? Don't be flippant! What did happen was the charming new play at the Globe, where Miss Marie Löhr, as Nurse Benson, captivates



"I worked last spring for fully a fortnight."



"Offering a lump of sugar to a wounded Tommy."

SANTA BARBARIANS: FILM STARS IN BATHING ATTIRE.



1. STARRED—AND STRIPED: MISS FRANCELIA BILLINGTON, ON THE BEACH AT SANTA BARBARA.

Miss Francelia Billington is starring in film productions in which the athletic "Billy Russell" is the principal man. She will be seen with him in "Sands of Sacrifice," "Winning a Wife," "Shackles of Truth," and other picture-plays. She spends most of her leisure time in her "Stars and Stripes" bathing-costume, on the beach at Santa Barbara, California.

2. AS MIDDY MANNING IN "THE CALENDAR GIRL": MISS JULIETTE DAY ON THE BEACH AT SANTA BARBARA.

Miss Juliette Day also lives there, and is noted for her Red Cross work, and vegetable and fruit growing. In "The Calendar Girl," she is sent by her employer—according to plot—to show off costumes on the beach, and is "snapped" by a photographer who uses her portrait for a calendar—hence complications.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



NEARLY all of us will agree with the inimitable Tricotrin, in "While Paris Laughed," that men do not understand women, and women do not understand men. For myself, I go farther and say that women do not understand each other, nor do men. This being so, the only remaining wonder is that the world isn't in a worse mess than it is.

For example, you may realise how little an Irishman understands Englishmen by reading the "Essays Irish and American" by John Butler Yeats. He asserts that, unlike the French, we are neither social, sympathetic, nor propagandist; yet we have worried the heathen with more missionaries than ever went out of France, and Shaw proves us to be a sentimental race reeking with sympathy for everybody. Mr. Yeats grants us no idealism; says we are "entirely without the faculty of ideas," and that we suffer with "that fear of death which we know oppressed Dr. Johnson." He would have been as near the mark if he had said the Englishman is indifferent to death, like Johnson's contemporary Chatterton, who killed himself because he was afraid of life. You can't judge a whole race by any one of its members. The fact is (and I don't expect an O.B.E. for this contribution to the wisdom of the ages) that some Englishmen are afraid of death, and some are not. Mr. Yeats, however, will allow us only one type of Englishman. His type of us has no ideas, is dull, conventional, unimaginative. "France has her art and literature," he observes; "England her House of Lords." Yet, somehow, we have admittedly contrived to produce the greatest imaginative literature in the world. Certainly, the gentlemen of the "Celtic Fringe" have explained this away. They assure us it could never have happened if heaven had not inoculated those otherwise stodgy Englishmen, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, and the rest, with the Celtic temperament. But they do not explain how it is that they, endowed with the unadulterated magic of the Celtic temperament, have failed to produce the greatest, imaginative literature themselves. Finally, Mr. Yeats makes hay of all his theories by claiming that "Goldsmith was as true an Irishman as Dr. Swift"—for no two men could be more utterly unlike each other. Swift had more affinities with the Frenchman Voltaire, and Goldsmith with that true-born Cockney Lamb, than with any Irishman one can remember. Until we recognise that there is no typical Irishman and no typical Englishman we cannot hope to understand each other.

Similar misunderstandings leaven Belfort Bax's "Reminiscences." He trounces the "younger present generation," especially "the youthful emancipated female," because one priggish girl wrote nasty things about a book of his. You positively can't judge all young journalists by the one who displeases you. He is a sound Socialist; his Victorian recollections are immensely interesting; he writes shrewdly on social and political developments; roots up and exposes the folly of anti-patriotic pacifism; but whenever he touches the feminist problem his incurable bias leads him into extravagance. He will have no equality between the sexes—wants to know where are your women geniuses, and that sort of thing. Surely the only reasonable way is to throw the doors wide open and let the women prove themselves. A woman's work is whatever she can

do; she will soon find her level and drop away from what she discovers she is incapable of doing, and the question will answer itself.

If "Yellow English" had been written five years ago, we should have said it was a melodramatic absurdity. Now that we have learned by hard experience how treacherously the subtle Hun wormed himself into our private and public life, and was cunningly prompting us to our undoing, we know that its amazing narrative, highly coloured though it be, is not so far from the outrageous truth.

Apparently Douglas Sladen does not expect us to change much in essentials during the next century, for the people in "Fair Inez," a romance of Australia in the year 2000 and odd, behave much as they do to-day, except that they use more aeroplanes, and the new King of England is an Australian of royal blood married to an Australian girl. There is an excellent example of the ease with which men and women can, on occasion, understand each other in the scene where Ned Stuart (before he becomes King) proposes to his first wife. "Chris!" says her mother, after he is gone. "Has he spoken to you, Chris?" "No, mother," answers Christian Elizabeth; adding disingenuously,

"He was kissing me all the time." And her mother sagaciously remarks, "I think it comes to the same thing."

But for all the understanding and misunderstanding there is betwixt men and women I go back to "While Paris Laughed." It is the quintessence of comedy; a joyous spirit of youth runs riot in it; and it gives you more gay laughter, with at times a fleeting suspicion of tears in it, and a larger knowledge of human nature at its best and at its not-so-good, than any recent novel I have read.

Among the things I don't understand is why W. Bryher gushes unrestrainedly over the poetry of "Amy Lowell," and calls it "critical appreciation." There is charming verse in some of Miss Lowell's books, yet Mr. Bryher's favourite passages are not poetry, but a burlesque of it. He quotes seven jerky, trivial lines which strike him dumb with admiration;

others that are merely pretentious and raw he considers "marvellous"; others that are no better leave him "dazed increasingly with wonder." When he reaches a crude, eccentric jumble of how Keats had his vision of Endymion on Box Hill, and was so dazzled that as he went home—

Then you stumbled down the hill, John Keats.

Perhaps you fell once or twice—

(like the other Jack who had Jill with him) he warns you at the outset that "to read the poem is to be burnt with flame." Well, having made sure that my insurance premium was not in arrear, I risked it, and at the end there was no necessity for the fire-engine



IN A PATRIOTIC FILM-PLAY, "THE GREAT LOVE": VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE REHEARSING.

Further photographs of well-known people taking part in "The Great Love," with an account of the play, are given on two other pages in this Number. Lady Massereene and Ferrard, wife of the twelfth Viscount, is a daughter of Sir John Stirling Ainsworth, Bt., M.P.

BOOKS TO READ.

- While Paris Laughed. By Leonard Merrick. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- Essays Irish and American. By John Butler Yeats. (Dublin—Talbot Press. London—Fisher Unwin.)
- Reminiscences and Reflections of a Mid and Late Victorian. By Ernest Belfort Bax. (Allen and Unwin.)
- Yellow English. By Dorota Flatau. (Hutchinson.)
- Fair Inez. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson.)
- Amy Lowell: A Critical Appreciation. By W. Bryher. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)
- The Long Turning. By Hallie Ermine Rives. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- The Sheepfold. By Laurence Housman. (Duckworth.)
- If We Return: Letters of a Soldier. By G. B. Manwaring. (John Lane.)

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THE MISTRESS: The Master seemed exceptionally well this morning, Cook. He went off to the City whistling.
THE COOK: Yes, Mum; it was my carelessness—I 'ad an accident an' made 'is porridge with birdseed.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN



"Ensign" Photography

means picture-making with British Made apparatus and materials *throughout*.

"ENSIGN" ROLL FILMS will fit *any* Roll Film Camera and give the finest results.

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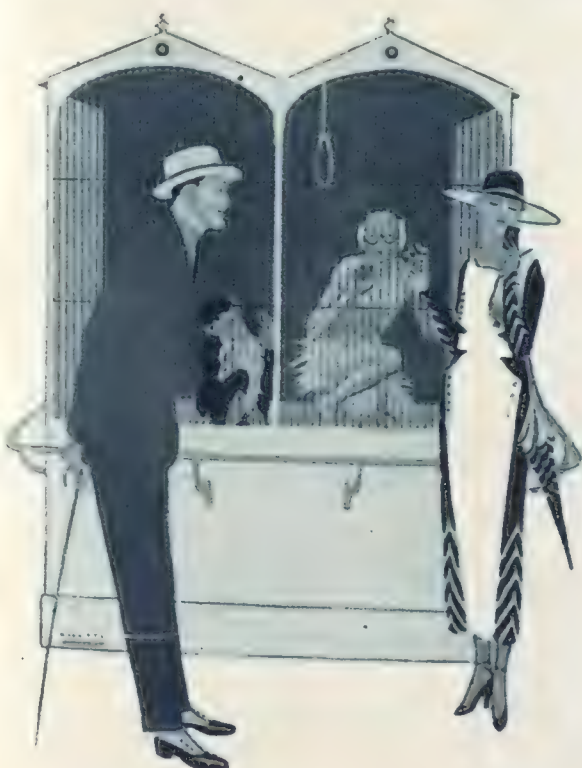
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NOTE.—The advertisements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally sad.

THE NEW SACRIFICE.—By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Calibanishment"

"This is as strange thing as e'er I looked on."
"He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape . . ."

—The Tempest.

I AM SAD because necessity compels me to make a painful announcement. But I am in the position of the fond Victorian parent: it probably hurts me even more than it will hurt those to whom it is made.

There is a grave wool shortage. Drastic steps must be taken to preserve our precious raw materials. The slightest waste must be ruthlessly checked.

The manufacture of mufti has been reduced to a minimum. When Peace is declared there will not be enough to go round. The millions at present in khaki will be clamouring for plain clothes. Shall we say to them, "Now that you have fought for us you must squeeze for us"? That would be poor gratitude indeed.

As a patriot I believe it my duty to conserve my material for the benefit of the Navy, the Army, and the few civilians who have been tried and found not guilty of being of national unimportance.

Therefore, sadly but firmly, strong in the knowledge that necessity is the mother of compulsion, I am compelled to announce that:

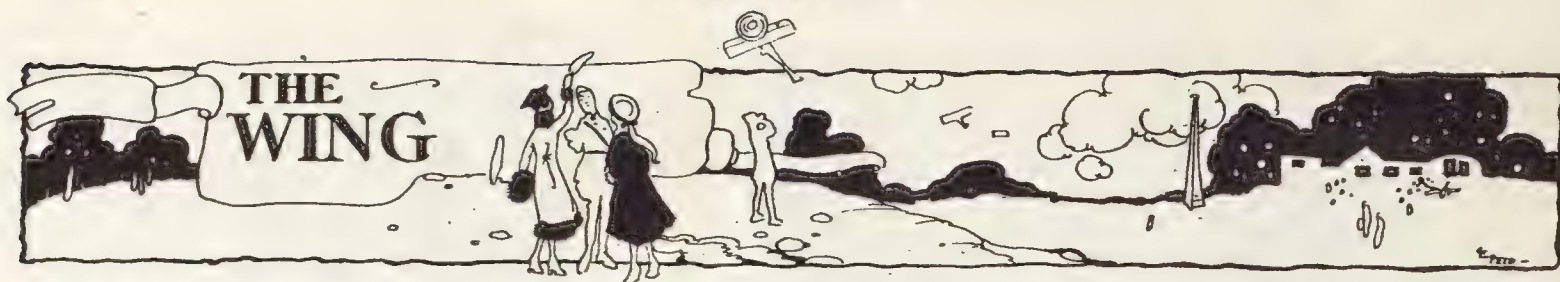
From this date I do not propose to admit on my books the name of any fresh client who is over the present military age of 51.

By this means a prodigious saving of raw material will be effected, for old men are so often naturally inclined to obesity in body if not in mind, and unkind Nature so often endows with shapeless contours and convexities which consume a greater share of precious cloth than can be spared them in these critical times.

It has been and is a cruel world for the young, and I am afraid the future is going to be a very cold one for the old.

Whatever sacrifices and petty discomforts they are in their turn called upon to suffer, I know they will bear cheerfully in the comparatively comfortable security of their homes; bear them with that noble, indomitable, domestic yet martial spirit they have shown throughout the war, and which history will record to the eternal glory of their generation.

To the men who have been and are national assets, to the younger generation to whom this country is looking for salvation now and to whom it looks for a new and finer orientation in the future, the services of the House of Pope & Bradley are devoted.—14, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1.



R.A.F. EVOLUTION: SUGGESTED SPECIALIST BRANCHES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

A PROPOS some recent remarks in these pages on uniforms and badges and such things, certain of one's friends in the Royal Air Force, when discussing the subject not long ago, drifted off into a fresh line of argument which seems to deserve quite serious consideration—at any rate after the war, even if everybody is too busy to work out the scheme during the war. Anyhow, it opens up such delightful prospects that it seems worth while to give the general idea—quite roughly—for the future consideration of those most concerned.



WINNER OF YET ANOTHER HONOUR: CAPT. (T. MAJ.) W. A. BISHOP, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., OF THE R.A.F.; NOW AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Sea and Land Specialists.

The notion first arose from the general statement that, as the R.A.F. grows bigger and bigger, people tend more and more to specialise on certain jobs, quite apart from the technical specialists who devote themselves entirely to engines, or timber, or paint, or fabric, and so forth. That is to say, the actual fighting men are becoming specialists. The seagoing people, who fly seaplanes from coast-patrol stations or from ships at sea, are to all intents and purposes pure Navy. They talk Navy talk, they navigate Navy fashion, they reckon speed in knots and time in bells, and they are quite distinct from the Army aviators.

The Army aviators, likewise, are pure Army, and know nothing about the Navy or naval ways. They might not tell a tramp steamer from a super-Dreadnought, but they can tell a German trench from a British one, or either from a French one, simply by glancing at it from 10,000 feet. Also, the Army aviators do many jobs which are outside the ken of the real Navy people, such as attacking troops on the ground, keeping touch with infantry advances, observing for artillery in fixed positions—which is quite different from observing for ships' guns. Then again, the Independent Air Force, operating apart from Navy and Army, is concerned with quite distinct work—namely, long-range bombing by night and day. It has nothing to do with sea navigation; and it is not concerned, except indirectly, with the movements of the Army.

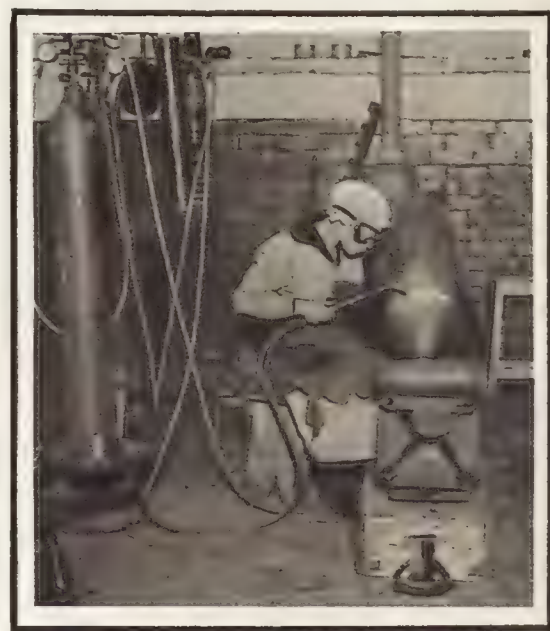
Three Branches and Distinctive Uniforms.

cavalry, and infantry have quite different uniforms in time of peace—and, to some extent, in time of war also. The idea is to promote a healthy spirit of rivalry between the different branches, and so to foster the strongest possible *esprit de corps* in each branch. Though the work of the three branches is so entirely different, they have two forms of activity which are common to all three—namely, bomb-dropping and air-fighting. It is true that there are differences even in these common interests—differences as great as between, say, naval gunnery and the work of field artillery, or as between destroyer scouting and cavalry scouting—but the similarity is sufficient to produce emulation. A big bomb raid on, say, Cuxhaven or Hamburg by the Navy branch would be compared with a big raid on Cologne by the Independent Force, or with the bombing of enemy ammunition dumps at, say, Courtrai by the Army people. The intense rivalry

thus created would lead to still greater efforts, and that healthy jealousy which gets things done. Similarly, we have all read much of air-fighting over the sea by our sea-patrol aeroplanes, and of fighting in France and elsewhere by the Army aviators, and of enemy machines brought down in Germany and Alsace-Lorraine by the Independent Air Force—whether by the bombing machines themselves or by escorting fighters has not been stated. Here, again, is direct rivalry of the most valuable kind. Competition is good for trade inside the King's Services as well as in mere commercial affairs.

Healthy Competition.

The R.A.F. people who were arguing over these points were strongly of the opinion that if a man belonged permanently to the R.N.A.S., or R.F.C., or I.A.F. branch of the Royal Air Force, and wore a uniform and badges as such, he would be even keener than he is now simply as a member of the R.A.F. without being in direct competition with anybody in particular. The whole idea of dividing the British Army on a territorial basis was built up on this same idea of internal competition and local patriotism. It is, for instance, much easier for a Liverpool man to be proud of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, recruited in Liverpool and district, than it would be for him to enthuse over the King's Regiment (the 8th of the Line, as it used to be), recruited from any and everywhere in the British Isles—or (one blushes for it) in Hanover, as a story goes, at one time.



WOMAN THE MUNITION-MAKER: ACETYLENE-WELDING THE BODIES OF BOMBS FOR USE BY AEROPLANES.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Specialist Sub-Divisions.

The argument progressed even further, and it was suggested that if, or when, the three great branches of the R.A.F. were separated, each of them in turn should be divided into sections according to the work of each section. Thus the bombing specialists, the reconnaissance specialists, and the fighting specialists would wear distinguishing badges, on the grounds that their work is as clearly and distinctly divided as is the work of the artillery, the cavalry, and the infantry among troops on the ground. It is true that to some extent the work of the sections overlaps; but then, so does the work of the Army. Cavalry fight in the trenches, artillerymen defend their guns in hand-to-hand fighting, infantry lend a hand in moving artillery on occasion; but they are none the less different and distinct branches of the Army, and the fact that they are distinct makes each branch the more jealous of its own honour and glory.

A Territorial Basis.

Ultimately the discussion reached the point of imagining a great Air Force divided up on a regular territorial basis, with its Irish and Scottish and Welsh and English county units, each with its own particular pet name. Anyhow, the idea makes a delightful subject for debate, and may—indeed, must—ultimately become a practical proposition.



THE R.A.F. NOW HAS ITS OWN POLICE: EXAMINING A WOMAN MOTOR-DRIVER'S PAPERS.

The newest force, the R.A.F., has now police all to itself. They patrol and do point duty in the usual Red-cap manner.

Photograph by Sport and General.



GUNNER HUBERT O'SULLIVAN
Royal Field Artillery, B.E.F.

"I joined up in 1916 and the three months on the Somme Front was nerve racking, but I was greatly relieved by Phosferine. Even carrying shells all day, laying telephone lines for long hours with plenty of hard work did not break the spirit of the man who took Phosferine. After the Messines advance we got astride the Menin Road, and after coming out we who had escaped without a scratch thanked our God, for it was red hot with shells, both sides pounding night and day, so you can imagine our joy when we were sent to Nieuport on the coast, and then rushed to Italy amongst the snow, and what with the damp and the cold, I soon found myself with a touch of the "Flue," but quickly got rid of it; I am thankful to say, I warded off colds and neuralgia (my biggest enemy), and kept myself fit, because I did not forget Phosferine, which every soldier should carry like he does his gas helmet."

This far-seeing Gunner says it is due to Phosferine that he has come harmlessly through all the strain and stress of the French and Italian battlefields — Phosferine established that reserve of vital force which enabled him to outlast and resist all those hardships, ill-health, and disorders his less fortunate comrades experienced.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

ALL
the Latest Gramophone Records
SENT BY POST

AT 94 Regent Street you will find the most complete and perfectly-equipped Audition Salons in London for hearing the latest "His Master's Voice" Records. We keep every record in stock, and hold the largest stock in Britain. Our service is prompt and efficient. You can hear the records at ease and in comfort, and, if you are unable to take advantage of calling, we will dispatch records within six hours after receipt of your order. We shall, of course, be pleased to send Lists of Records post free on request. We invite your patronage.

The WEST END
GRAMOPHONE SUPPLY CO. LTD
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GERRARD

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MORRIS'S Yellow Seal Cigarettes

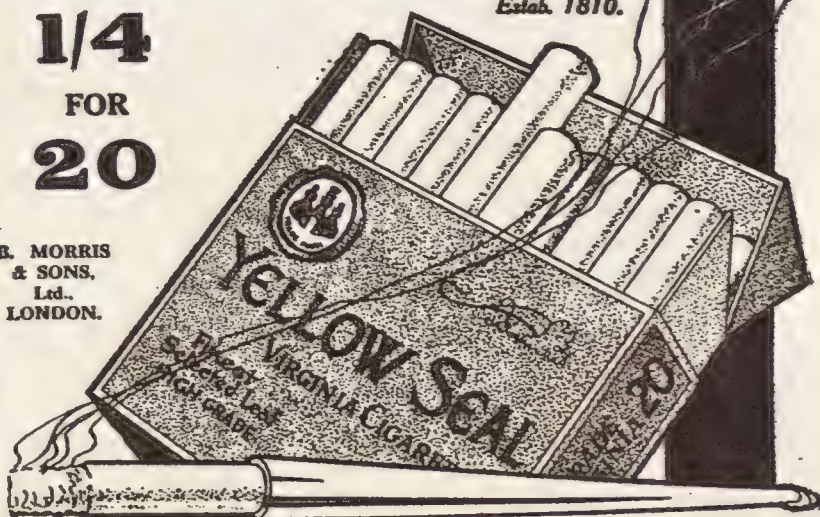
for the experienced
and cultured smoker.

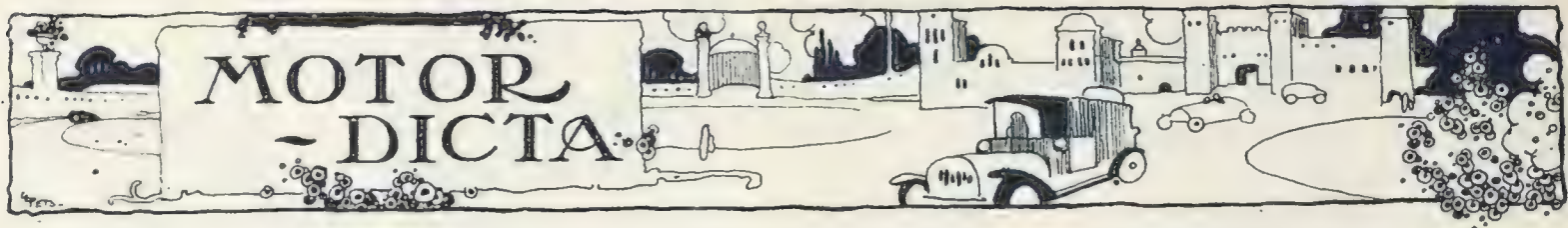
Every cigarette smoker who prides himself on being a judge, should try a box of these choice Virginia cigarettes. They have that subtle touch of refinement, superiority and distinctiveness which stamps them immediately as the cigarette *I've been looking for.*

Estab. 1810.

1/4
FOR
20

R. MORRIS
& SONS,
Ltd.,
LONDON.





A BATTLE OF TANKS? THE 'HOLD-UP': THE CADGER'S COLUMN. By GERALD BISS.

AN exciting idea comes straight from the Front in the suggestion of *Le Journal's* correspondent that with the increase of tanks, both in size and their growing—though not yet infinite—variety, male and female alike, we may ere long see a pitched battle of tanks. It would certainly be the apotheosis of the automobile *pugnatorius*—the heavy cavalry of the land in offensive, supported overhead by the light cavalry of the air. When tank charges tank, then indeed will be the crash of war; but is not the enthusiasm of an idea ever tempting to a true journalist, anticipating an occurrence possibly more accidental than actually useful? Still, it would indeed be old Homer up to date; and after the war we might have a tourney of tanks on the cement down at Brooklands, specially suitable to the new fast two-seater models!

Setting a Motorist to Trap a Motorist. In all Dora's newly collated category of crime none seems of more heinous account than the possession of petrol even under permit; and more than once lately all cars, the just and the unjust alike, official and unofficial, have been held up in London by concerted measures, and the rule run over the occupants. By the time that these lines are in print we may have heard something more of this great muster of energy, and see proceedings for some infringement or other being taken. If not, what is the ordinary patriotic individual to make of these inquisitorial "hold-ups"? Are they to be regarded as mere ebullitions of petty bureaucracy, in order to put the fear of this world and the next into the souls of those who dare to enter a car, and to "create a satisfactory public opinion," as openly and ingenuously confessed by the Treasury with reference to the "9 by 4" posters? It is all very well with ordinary pukka policemen to carry out such trapping tactics; but is it cricket to entice a patriot into the rig-out of a "special," and then to tell him off to stick up his pals? It was suggested early in the war that motorists who became "specials" would ultimately be told off as trappists; and I, in my youthful credulity, denied such an immoral possibility with an oath in black and white, to the undoing of my powers of vaticination. But we have all grown a lot older and wiser since the first shot was fired; and we have learned to our cost that under Dora all things are possible, and even accounted expedient by our newly fledged British bureaucrats. And Dora will outstay any Dorando in the weary Marathon of life under modern conditions. But, once more, is it cricket?

Meetings—Annual and General.

Even in war-time annual and general meetings are necessary for the few who are still left uncombed and unkempt in "civvies"; and this very day by our publisher's date at noon (Willett's way) the "A.A." (and "M.U."—I had overlooked the "M.U." for the moment) holds its meeting both annual and general at the Savoy to report to members that their funds in trust are ready and waiting to fight the good fight as soon as the Rip van Winkle auto comes out of its Dora-drugged sleep. Meanwhile, it hopes to show that it is keeping the interests of the amateur well to the front, even at the grave risk of a certain unpopularity with the "trade"; but here, after my recent strafings—of which I still feel the blows—I am on tender ground not only personally, but on all sides. Furthermore, the youngest of all auto bodies, the Motor Users' Protection Association, has, through its provisional committee, called a general meeting at 2.30 p.m. (inaccurately speaking, but certainly not "G.M." in these dry and doleful days) on Friday, the 19th of the month instant, at the Essex Hall in the Strand. At this meeting the provisional committee proposes to hand over, having completed its draft of rules and policy; and, moreover, it suggests yet once more a change of name—this time to the British Motor League.

The Cadger's Column.

Since the happy incident of the war furnished a ready excuse for cadging for anything anyone lacks, under the guise of patriotism, the "agony" column, as it was termed in the vaporous Victorian era, has evolved into the cadger's column *par excellence*; and I often wonder if some of the unctuous Uriah Heeps who exploit it and the credulity of the kindly ever ascribe a ha'porth of

common-sense to the philanthropic in these twice-bitten once-shy days? Cars, above all things, seem in request for every imaginable purpose; but why blandly indent for a Rolls-Royce "for use in connection with an officers' convalescent home"? "Will any generous owner offer one at low price—no connection with trade?" It is invidious to require a Rolls; but, if I may so add, shrewdly far-sighted with a view to post-war values. Would no lesser make do? A more modest advertiser is practical and



TESTING THE WATER-SUPPLY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AN OFFICER EXAMINING TUBES WITH POISON - GERMS EXTRACTED FROM WATER.

All natural sources of drinking-water supply at the Front are suspect, and treated accordingly. Everywhere the water for the troops is tested lest it be naturally contaminated, and every precaution is taken on the Western Front. As is the practice, of course, with all armies when campaigning, water from wells and streams is always examined. The sanitary department of the P.A.M.C. specially tests all water sources before the troops use them, and "de-poisons," or sterilises the water.

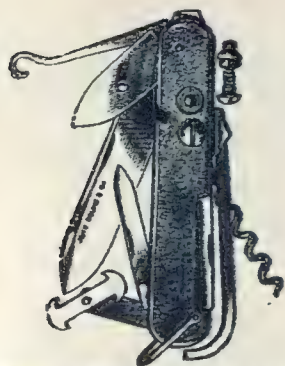
Official Photograph.



ARMY METHODS OF ALL PERIODS MEET: AT SHEIKH EYUB, ON THE PALESTINE FRONT; MOTOR TRANSPORT VEHICLES AMONG TRANSPORT HORSES, MULES, AND CAMELS.

Transport systems of the world of all periods contrast here: the horse or pony, mule, and camel, the baggage animals of all armies before the present war, and the modern automobile transport vehicle of to-day. Sheikh Eyub, the locality of the picture, is traditionally the Burial Place of Job.—[Official Photograph.]

businesslike withal: "Wanted Ford or similar car—must be cheap." The only question in his case is whether there is anything quite like a "Lizzie" or even similar. The advertisements may be all right, of course; let us hope so.

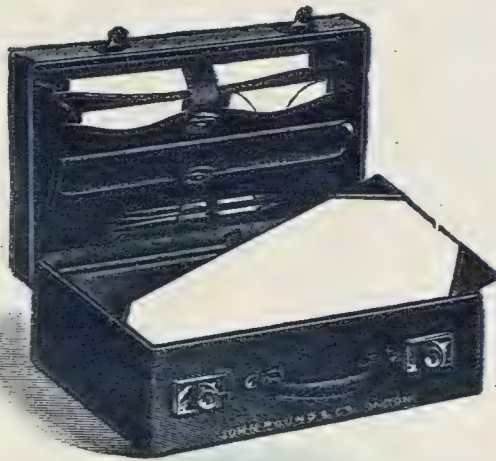


**BEST SHEFFIELD STEEL
CAMPAIGN KNIVES**
15/6, 21/6, 27/6
As Illustration .. 39/6
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REGIMENT .. 3/6
Postage Expeditionary Forces, 1s.

John Pound & Co.

ACTUAL MAKERS

of
SAM BROWNE BELTS, CAMPAIGN KIT BAGS,
WOLSELEY SLEEPING VALISES,
DRESSING CASES, TRUNKS AND BAGS.



Fitted **ATTACHÉ CASE**, lined leather, cheque book
and stationery pockets.

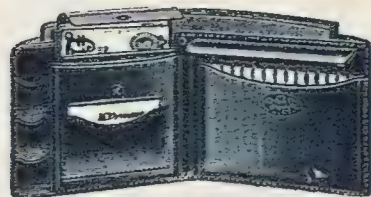
	12 in.	14 in.	16 in.	18 in.
Brown ROLLED HIDE	45/-	52/6	60/-	67/6
Best do.	60/-	70/-	80/-	90/-
Real PIGSKIN...	70/-	90/-	102/6	115/6

Packing and Postage Expeditionary Force, 2/6.



"THE 'SERVICE' WRIST WATCH,
ILLUMINATED HANDS & FIGURES
Strong SOLID SILVER Cases,
32/6 & 79/6
Postage Expeditionary Forces, 9d.

POST ORDERS
receive
Careful and Prompt Attention.



**The "MAJOR" COMBINATION
CIGARETTE and NOTE CASE,**
with separate pocket to carry CHEQUE
BOOK.

Specially useful for Service Men.

Real PIGSKIN or CALF ... 27/6
FINE SEAL ... 38/6
Stamping NAME and REGT. 3/6
Postage Expeditionary Force, 9d.



LADY'S WRIST BAG. Made of Best
hard grain MOROCCO, fitted Mirror,
Tablet and PURSE, 21/6. Post Free.
Colours: Navy, Black, Dark Brown, and Purple.
SPLENDID VALUE.

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.1

187, Regent Street, W.1

67, Piccadilly, W.1.

177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W. 1.

81-84, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3

Destroy that Horrid Smell

HERE'S a little experiment well worth trying. Wherever you find a
peculiarly disagreeable smell, get a bottle of MILTON and use it
according to the instructions which accompany it, and, presto! the smell
is destroyed as if by magic, the air is at once purified, and the germs and
bacteria accompanying the smell are annihilated.

It seems too wonderful to be true. But Milton is the great new
purifier that performs wonders. It is more powerful than Carbolic Acid,
yet quite harmless. Absolutely safe. Even a child can use it.

*The booklet gives fifty-nine other uses for Milton—all equally
effective, and just as much needed every day in every home.*

**Get a 1/- or 2/- bottle from your Dealer
and try it for some of its many practical uses.**

The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/- bottle.

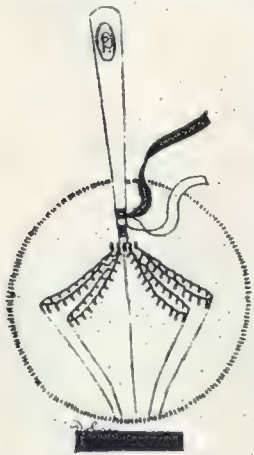
MILTON MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. 1, and 64, Wellington Street, Glasgow.





When Experts Disagree.

"luxuries." Two women and one man have already given up the unequal struggle. Others thought about it, but have decided to



A peacock-blue sunshade is outlined with jade-green blanket stitching.

development in the situation will make them positively beam.

Early Sales.

The sale season began earlier than usual this year. Perhaps it was not altogether by accident that so many of the best-known dress houses started the régime of "reduced" prices and "drastic reductions" long before June had run her course. There's nothing like knowing that it may soon be unobtainable for turning the one-time luxury into a war-time "necessity." Just how many gowns have changed hands within the last few weeks because the buyers have suddenly discovered that they had "positively not a rag" to their backs it's impossible to say. But, judging from the rate at which "models" have vanished as soon as sale prices came into operation, as well as from the smiling satisfaction shown by their late owners, the number has probably exceeded expectations. It is only fair to say that the gowns have been worth the buying. Women have developed quite a nice sense of the value of money since war began, and the spurious "bargain" has no attraction for your practical, thrifty, but still careful-

war-time woman. It never had. The frenzied bargain-hunter indulging in tugs-of-war for blouses and stockings and other things, just because they were 4s. 11½d. instead of 5s. 2d., provided the funny man with excellent copy, but she was his own creation.

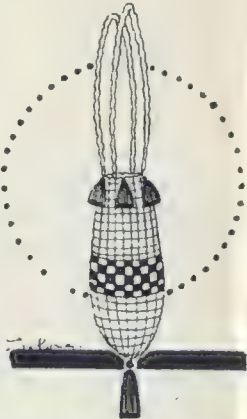
Mars and the Mode.

It is interesting to see how the fashion-makers are harnessing Mars to the chariot of the Mode. The war is responsible for so much that it is not, after all, surprising to find it being held accountable for the "latest thing" in hand-bags, the newest notion in garters, or the most recent expression of the art of the

camisole-creator. At least it has taught those who live by designing clothes for women the art of presenting thrift—which was always regarded as the Cinderella among virtues—in an attractive and sometimes in an amusingly original form.

Camisole Camouflage.

The latest camisole camouflage, for instance, has the merit of novelty if nothing else. As a serious addition to the wardrobe it has, perhaps, rather slighter claims to consideration. Made of fine lace, the trimming usually considered essential is dispensed with altogether. Its place is taken by oil-painted medallions that follow the pattern of the lace. Could ingenuity go further? Or again, there is the necessary hand-bag. Beaded beauties are no novelty; velvet and silk and satin have been with us too long to arouse comment. But the real patriotess cares for none of these things. She prefers string as better suited to times when a woman is expected to carry home her own parcels in order that the war may be won more quickly. When the bag happens to be like the one shown on this page, with lemon and purple and cerise and jade and blue string all doing their bit to help it towards success, her choice can be justified on æsthetic as well as patriotic grounds.



String of all colours is woven into a utility hand-bag.



Even a small piece of emine can do duty as a collar.

Holiday Hints.

Railway companies have already been busy warning anyone who thinks of taking a holiday that travelling is going to be a difficult matter. It is already that, and far from pleasant; but neither discomfort nor the possibility of uncongenial companionship in an overcrowded compartment is likely to deter a wearied woman from making an attempt to repair the ravages of forty-eight weeks' work by taking a four-weeks' holiday in any place that her fancy dictates, so long as there is something still running to take her there. There is another inducement. Dressmakers who know the value of a good appearance as a tonic have been busy preparing more than usually attractive holiday frocks, as well as hats to go with them. The latest suit for seaside wear is entirely of knitted wool. It may be a coat-frock, it may be a sports coat and skirt, or the upper portion may be cut on the dear familiar "jumper" lines. But, whichever shape it assumes, it is of knitted wool, with bands of contrasting colour introduced above the hem and across the collar. Holiday hats run to simplicity. At a time when luggage is reduced to a minimum, a felt hat that resists all efforts to crush it is an invaluable possession. The new holiday hats are all of felt—soft, pliable felt, ribbon-bound at the edges, and procurable in attractive shades, the most fashionable of which is yellow of a shade that suggests a pre-war vanilla ice-cream.



Fringed and tasselled garters are the latest notion in lower-limb decoration.

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Festoons of white beads make an effective blouse-trimming.



Barbaric beads keep company with leopard-skin, and woman is the gainer.

Urodonal

Cleanses the Kidneys

URODONAL dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar; it cleanses the liver, purifies the blood and tissues, imparts suppleness to the arteries, and prevents obesity by oxidizing fat.

URODONAL also cleanses the kidneys, which it frees from uric acid crystals and all the toxins and impurities which injure the renal tissue; it also removes obstructions.

URODONAL stimulates nutrition and modifies the arthritic diathesis. The children of arthritic parents undoubtedly inherit the tendency to rheumatic disorders, and URODONAL alone can counteract this.

Those who regularly take URODONAL avoid rheumatism, migraine, gout, sciatica, stones, obesity, etc., and maintain the youthful condition of their arteries.

Recommended
by the Medical
Profession in
England and on
the Continent.



Those who know and realise the pain and distress of uric acid diseases might well look upon URODONAL as the gift of an angel sent to relieve their sufferings and safeguard them against future attacks of their dread enemy.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents, MEPPERS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W. 1. Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.

"She used to sing that"!

The Decca turns the dugout into a Palace of pleasant memories. Forgotten is the present, you live again in the happy past, and vision a future which will be happier still.

Such is the power of music.

With the Decca in your dugout, you can have vocal and instrumental music to your heart's content. You can have classical music, the lightest of musical comedies, and the wealth of fun provided by the leading stage humorist. The "Decca" plays all makes and sizes of needle records, with its full rich tone giving a lifelike reproduction.

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

In Leather Cloth,	Compressed Fibre,	Solid Cowhide,
£6 15 0	£7 17 6	£10 10 0

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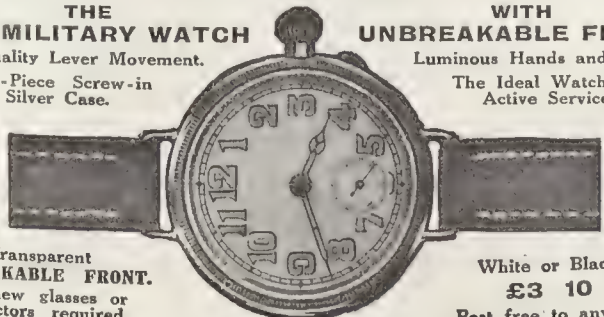
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can make provision for the later years of life, and for dependants, if any, by taking up an Endowment Policy now with the Scottish Widows Fund.

A copy of our new Booklet, "The Future of Women Workers," will be sent post free on request.

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Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
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Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A War-Time Tip. Make a dash for Harrods this week—the great summer sale is on there, and everybody knows that the value to be found at it is extraordinary. It is an opportunity for real war economy. The heads of this splendid firm look well ahead, and their customers reap the benefit of this foresight. Specially should those who want to avail themselves of this benefit remember Remnant Day, which is Friday next as ever is. Materials are becoming more and more expensive, but on this day at Harrods they will be at prices astonishingly moderate—reduced, in fact, to half-price. Think of it and act on it—this is a real war-time tip! Then the school wardrobes; they want freshening up, and at Harrods are the best opportunities for doing it. Frocks in various coloured fancy voiles, and in four sizes, for 29s. 6d.; coats, frocks for school, coats and skirts—all sorts of dresses, in fact—are marked down to prices quite delightfully moderate, and, being Harrods, they are all that is desirable.

What You Will. If my lady wants gloves, stockings, or underskirts, let me commend her to Harrods this week of great summer sale. Three-button fine French suède gloves in grey, tan, beaver, black, or white at 3s. 6d. a pair make a sure appeal. Black glacé-kid Oxford shoes, with patent toe-caps, at 22s. 9d. are acquisitions in these days. Plain black cashmere stockings at 3s. 3d. a pair will find eager buyers, as will those of pure silk at 7s. 6d. a pair. Underskirts of moiré poplin, quite soft and strong, in several colours, at 10s. 9d. each are bargains. Shirts in fine white voile at 11s. 9d. make an irresistible appeal, and dresses for the afternoon at from four to six guineas are in delightful variety, and cannot again be sold at these prices until we have peace and prosperity once more. Then Harrods are selling their wonderful "Spunjama" silk-warp shirting at 4s. 2d. a yard, thirty inches wide. It is unshrinkable, and the colours fresh and bright after continual washing. There are heaps of other good investments, and many a good bargain too.

A Twelve-Days' Chance. A visit to the Civil Service Stores in the Haymarket, now that the twelve-days' sale is in progress, will well repay all who are in search of good things at very easy prices. In men's shirts there are really substantial reductions. In white long-cloth those costing 6s. 6d. are now 5s. 11d. Flannel cricketing shirts, with collars attached, which sell freely for 11s. 6d., are now 10s. 10d.; and those which are normally 17s. 6d. are 16s. 3d. Khaki Ceylon shirts, with two collars, which are usually 8s. 6d., are now 7s. 10d. There is great variety, too, in pyjama suits; those of pure silk with block stripes, which cost 42s. as a rule, are offered for 37s. 6d.; and sleeping-suits of very soft fine flannel, which were 18s. 6d., are 17s. 3d. As these are all the very best of their kind, the economy of purchasing at the sale is manifest. As things go now, and woollen and all fabrics become more and more scarce, the usual prices are very favourable, so that the value offered at the sale is remarkable. There are also bargains in men's ties, which become increasingly expensive in the usual way.

For All Ages. Until the close of this week bargains in beautiful clothes are obtainable at Dickins and Jones's well-known establishment in Regent Street. Among them are well-tailored petticoats to wear with the newest skirts in black-and-white checks or stripes, and the price is 15s. 9d. The days are coming when we shall bless a bargain in the shape of an all-wool flannel dressing-gown, with dainty collar and cuffs of white lawn, inserted and edged with Valenciennes lace, at 35s. 6d., because in those

coming cold days double that expenditure will not secure us such a garment. A white embroidered voile jumper, trimmed with narrow filet lace run through with pretty coloured ribbons, for 29s. 6d. is a real bargain. A rich crêpe-de-Chine quiet dinner frock, with a new straight collar and a ribbon-velvet waistband fastened with a posy, for 78s. 6d., is a possession for a young girl to look charming in. These are but a very few of Dickins and Jones's remarkable sale bargains.

A War-Time Economy.

Up to Saturday there will be a splendid chance of acquiring such really good, well-turned-out, and up-to-date suits and dresses as Gooch's, in Brompton Road, are famous for, at the most advantageous terms which their summer sale offers. The season models in the most reliable and up-to-date fabrics have all been marked down in a way

which the initiated will keenly appreciate. Everyone knows how desirable Gooch's tailored suits and up-to-date dresses are. To be able to buy them on the easiest terms is to have a chance of effecting a real war-time economy. A tailor shirt in soft striped washing crêpe-de-Chine in various colourings and designs for 33s. 9d. is a bargain. There are also some slightly soiled blouses in net, crêpe-de-Chine, and silk georgette at 21s., 25s., and 30s., which are most useful, and very dainty and ornamental. A smart washing blouse in striped voile, with a long roll adjustable collar, in rose, brown, blue, mauve, and black stripes, at 8s. 9d. is a favourite feature of the sale, which also includes some very dainty embroidered voile blouses at 15s.

Where Pretty Things Abound.

Up to the 27th beautiful things at wholly desirable prices can be acquired at Peter Robinson's great house in Oxford Street by reason of the summer sale extending to that date. A model gown in really good georgette and reversed satin poplin, in grey and light and dark navy-blue and black over salmon-pink, for 11½ guineas, is a thing not likely to be seen again while the war-cloud lowers. A tailor suit with a black-and-white striped skirt and a black coat in Gab, with fine braiding, for 9 guineas, comes into the same category. Tailor-made skirts from 30s., in tweed, frieze, or suitings, are useful, and most excellent investments. Cream-coloured Bretonne net blouses, finished with shadow lace, are extraordinarily cheap, dainty, and pretty at 18s. 11d. Odd pieces and broken ranges of fancy silks are being sold at about half-price. Fur-trimming collars from 27s. 6d. are also very tangible bargains—of these there are hundreds in every department.



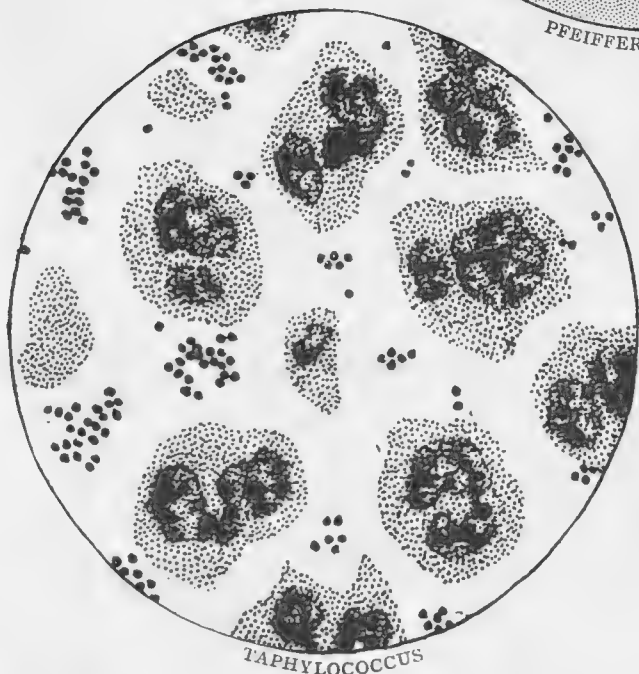
Light wraps are so often needed in summer, and we give two examples of these above. The one on the left is of blue linen embroidered in very bright colours, and is worn over a plain blue and striped linen frock. The one on the right is of white Shantung, which looks very well when worn over a black-and-white spotted foulard gown.

Dainty and Delightful.

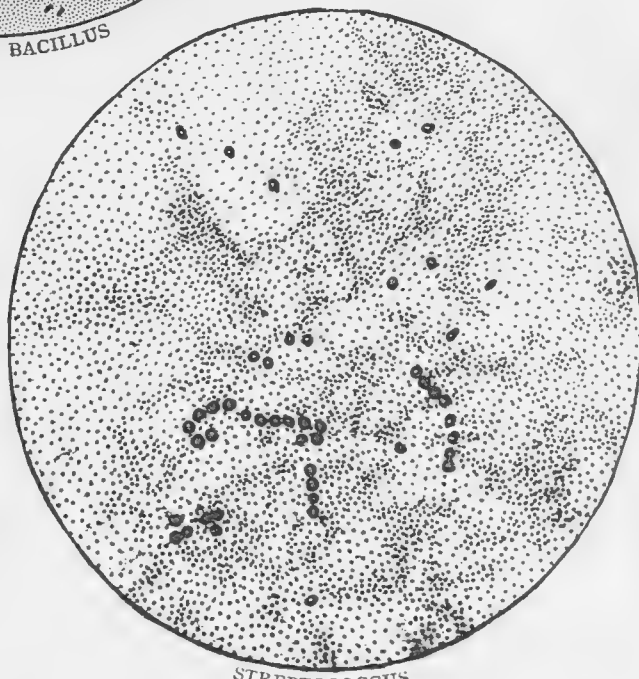
A name standing for everything of the best all over the world is Harvey Nichols; there is in progress in the firm's headquarters in Knightsbridge a summer sale which will last until the 27th inst. There are bargains to be had there—real ones, because they are in what women want and love—in every department. Tea and quiet dinner dresses in georgette, brocade, lace, and satin, in all the newest colourings and styles, which have sold freely from 8 to 20 guineas, are now marked from 4½ to 15 guineas. On every Thursday and on the last three days of the sale remnants and oddments are cleared off at half-price. In dainty lingerie the opportunities are really rare. Nighties trimmed with Valenciennes or Torchon lace, high or low in the neck and with long or elbow sleeves, are sold at 11s. 9d. Ladies' pyjamas in fine wool, with pink and white stripes on a cream ground, at 29s. 9d., are wonderfully good value—that is, however, offered in all departments at this extensive and favourite establishment.



PFEIFFER'S BACILLUS



STAPHYLOCOCCUS



STREPTOCOCCUS

The Influenza Epidemic

ARISING doubtless from various irregularities—dietetic, sanitary, occupational etc.—due more or less directly to the War, a number of mysterious maladies have recently broken out. Here and in other parts of the world an affection of the central nervous system at first suspected of being Botulism, but later nicknamed “*Whatulism*” for want of definite identification, caused a perhaps unnecessary amount of alarm; Spain and (in a lesser degree) Sweden have been laid under a veritable scourge around which for a time all sorts of alarmist rumours circulated.

In connection with this latter epidemic the specific organism of Influenza, the Pfeiffer Bacillus (illustrated above), has been identified; various other grippe-producing organisms (two types of which—Staphylococcus on the left and Streptococcus on the right—are also illustrated) have been observed.

In such circumstances experience bids us beware! Already thousands of cases have been reported in London and elsewhere; before we know it Influenza or La Grippe may be upon us in deadly

earnest, and ourselves under the domination of enemies more ruthless and destructive even than the Hun.

The *modus operandi* of these disease-germs is as follows. They obtain a lodgment in recesses of the nose, mouth and throat, where they generate their virus and distribute it throughout the system *via* the body's common carrier, the blood.

If you allow it! Nature has evolved an efficient system of defence against these germs. Myriads of tiny corpuscles which travel with your blood-stream are the natural defenders of the central citadel—the nervous system—of your health. They are of two kinds, red and white. The former energise your body to resist infection generally; the latter raid these “Germ-Huns” in their trenches, kill and (whisper it!) devour them bodily.

It rests with you to give these corpuscles a *fair field* whilst they fight your battles for you—it is up to you, in other words, “to keep the ring”. The area of operations is your blood, and if the blood be pure and virile there is not a germ in all bacteriology that has the power to impair your energy, efficiency and general well-being.

The Kruschen Habit is your first line of defence

against the Germ-Hun; it enables Nature to maintain a rich supply of pure and virile blood.

Kruschen Salts is a *natural* aperient and diuretic tonic—not a medicine, but an “aid to nature” in eliminating from the system waste material which poisons and debilitates the blood. The bowel, liver, kidneys, lungs and skin—the body's organs of elimination—all work better and more regularly under the daily reminder of the Kruschen Habit, and with these organs working well and regularly the purity and virility of the blood is ensured.

Get the Kruschen Habit—persevere with it! This is the secret of immunity from epidemics such as the above—and, too, the indispensable condition precedent to their successful treatment.

Kruschen Salts—all-British for 160 years—may be obtained of all Chemists at 1s. 6d. per bottle, or post free for 2s. in the United Kingdom from E. Griffiths Hughes (Kruschen) Ltd., 68 Deansgate Arcade, Manchester. It is also on sale at all British Expeditionary Force Canteens at 1s. 6d., or will be sent post paid to any member of the B.E.F. abroad at 2s. 6d. for one bottle, 4s. for two bottles, 5s. 6d. for three—prompt despatch guaranteed.

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Made in Light and Dark Khaki, Dark Navy and Black.

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are made from the finest Egyptian Cotton and best Para Rubber, and, being elastic, they grip the leg and assist the normal action of the veins and muscles. There is no sense of leg-weariness or foot-heaviness as when wearing ordinary puttees, which require to be tightly wound to keep in position.

Boyd's Improved Patent Puttees are woven to the shape of the leg and are neat and smart in appearance.

They are very durable, waterproofed, and are both reversible and interchangeable. Fastened by patent Hooks top and bottom, making them easy to put on and take off.

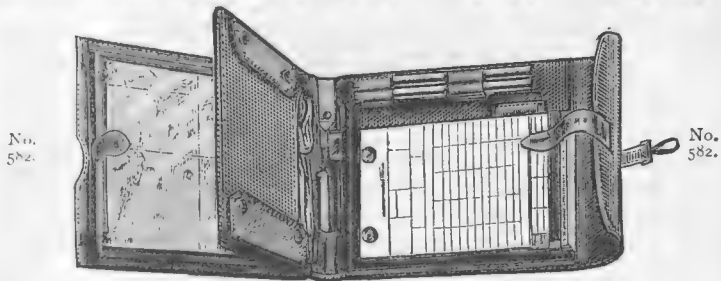
Boyd's Elastic Puttees are claimed to be a preventive against and cure for varicose veins.

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Owing to war conditions, "Vigil" Silk is very difficult to obtain, as it cannot be manufactured as easily as materials such as cotton.

Double Width, 40 in., 8/11 yard. — In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc.—for Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear — for Blouses, Dresses, and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc.



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THERE is such a thing as playing the game in cigarette making, and TONIDES play it. Their exquisite flavour is neither an accident nor the result of a so-called "secret blend."

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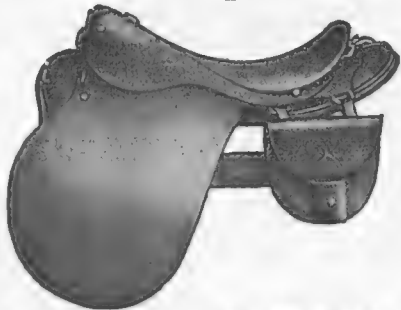
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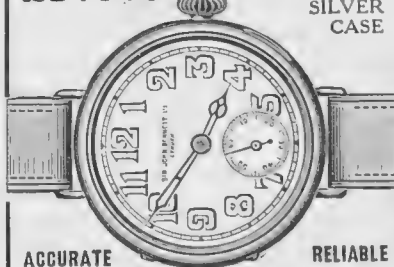
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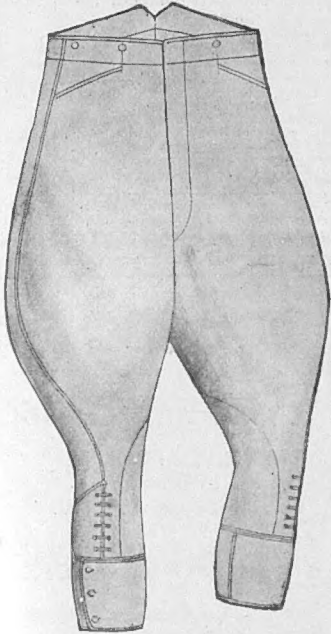
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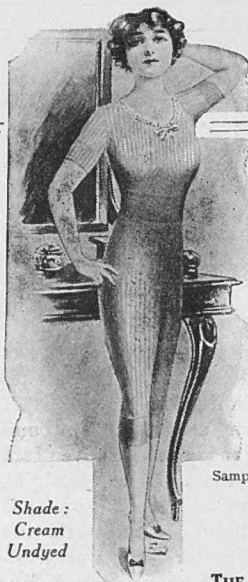
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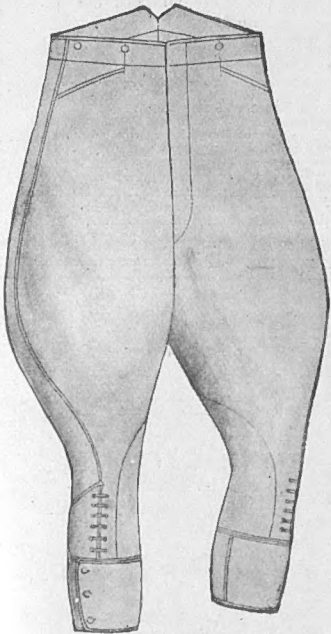


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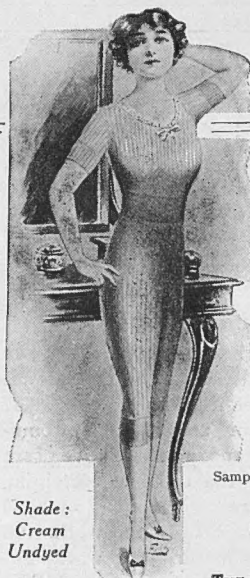
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